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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS WARNER,

Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER III.

"Well, young ones," said Mr. May, next morning at breakfast, "what of the lists? Are they made up?"

"Not finished, papa," said Clover.

"Papa," said Lily, "it's *terribly* hard work!"

Mr. May laughed.

"I thought so," he said. "And so you have all been bankrupt half a dozen times? Well, I have chosen three places for the gardens. My part of the work was easy."

"Oh! papa," said Lily, "whereabouts is mine?"

"Why, that is as you all agree," said Mr. May. "I promised to provide the places, but you must do the dividing yourselves. The first is down by the fence, just in front of the bow-window. The second lies close at the foot of the window itself."

"Papa," said Clover, "may the one who has the place by the fence let her flowers run on it?"

"The one by the fence may do what she likes with the fence, except pull it down. In like manner the one by the window may do any thing with that except break it. The third place lies down at the foot of the slope to the west; toward the side fence but not by it. This is rather the largest of the three."

"Oh, I should like to have the largest!" said Lily.

"Till the weeds come," said her father. "My dear, have you thought about the weeds?"

"Oh! I don't mean to let 'em come—so I needn't think about 'em," said Lily. "But Clover's the oldest, she ought to choose first."

"I don't care about choosing," said Clover, "I dare say I can make something of either place."

"Well, then, I shall take the large place down at the foot of the slope," said Lily. "I can't bear to be crowded."

"Now, Prim," said Clover, "you must choose next."

"By what rule of preference?" said Mr. May, who was watching the progress of affairs with a good deal of interest.

"She is the smallest, papa—it might make more difference to her."

"May I really choose?" said Primrose; "I don't think it's fair."

"Why yes it is, if I wish it," said Clover.

"Well, then," said Prim, with gleeful pleasure in her very tone, "*I* choose the place under the window. Because mamma can look at me when I'm at work; and I might be lonely down there by the fence."

"I am sure mamma will approve that arrangement," said Mr. May, as they left the table. "Clover," he said, softly, bending down with his arm round her, "are you quite content?"

"I? Oh yes, papa! I shouldn't enjoy any thing, you know, if Lily and Prim were not pleased. And besides, don't you think, papa," said Clover, drawing him off to the window, "that my fence will be an advantage, and give me nice facilities?"

Mr. May laughed; but there was great tenderness in his eyes as he stooped and kissed the honest, sensible little face, and went away.

"Yes," he said, "you'll find 'facilities' enough, and turn them all into felicities!"

Clover stood still, looking out at her fence.

"Oh, Sam!" said Lily, "will you dig our gardens this morning?"

"Certainly not," said Sam, without hesitation.

"Oh, why not? I thought you would do any thing!"

"I will not, chiefly because it is impossible," said Sam. "The ground is frozen as hard as a rock."

"Why, is it?" said Lily—"frozen? That's very strange."

"On the contrary, it is just what happens every year about this time."

"But when will it melt?" said Lily.

"Melt!" cried Jack; "the ground melt! Ha, ha! that's a good one!"

"Well, I don't see what you're laughing at," said Lily. "Other frozen things melt."

"Yes," said Sam, "other frozen things melt, but the ground *thaws*."

"And as soon as the ground thaws will you dig up our gardens, Sam?" said little Prim.

"If I live and am well, you may depend upon it. As soon as the ground will work, I will."

"What do you mean by the ground's working?" said Clover, turning round from the window.

"Why, just now it is frozen hard, you know; and when it first begins to thaw it is very wet—more like mud than earth; and it is impossible to dig it well and break up the lumps, and make it fine and smooth. Indeed you can hardly dig it at all. But when the water drains off a little, and the warm sun has shone upon it for a while, the earth gets dry and crumbly, and *then* it will work. So shall I. You'll find those three gardens dug when you first get up some morning, I've no doubt."

"How interesting it is!" said Clover.

"But, Sam," said little Primrose, "please don't dig *my* garden when we're asleep, because I want to see you do it."

"Why, it's not much to see, is it?" said Lily. "Just dig it up, that's all, isn't it?"

"Just dig it up, just right," said Sam; "and put on just what is wanted, and make it just smooth afterward."

"What do you put on, Sam?" said Clover.

"Manure of some kind. I must ask papa what kind this soil needs."

"Is it hard to dig it just right?" said Primrose.

"I hope it won't be, after the frost is out," said her brother. "I'll do my best to get it in nice order for your plants and seeds."

"We haven't got any plants," said Lily, "we shall have only seeds. Except mamma's rose-bush."

"Oh!" said Sam, who was turning over the Catalogue, "you've taken care of that, have you?"

"Taken care of it?" said Lily; "why we haven't got money to buy plants."

"Plants come from seeds."

"But, Sam," said Lily, "how can we sow our seeds till we get the ground to sow 'em in?"

"It does sound difficult," said Sam. "Are these lists made out?"

"Mine is," said Lily.

"Mine isn't," said Primrose.

"I can finish mine very soon," said Clover, "now I know where my garden's to be."

"Let's look over yours first, then, Lily, if that is ready," said Sam.

"Oh, I'd like to have you, very much," said Lily. "I guess you'll think it's beautiful. You know papa told us to choose; but then each of us had such different reasons for choosing that I don't believe we've got one thing alike. You see I took (generally, I mean) the flowers with easy names—I got so bothered with names half a yard long. And Prim wanted all the sweet things; and Clover," said Lily, with a laugh, "wanted all the *useful* things. *Useful* flowers; it's such a funny idea!"

Sam looked comically down at his Catalogue.

"The three lists, then," he said, "may be divided into Sweet, Useful, and Easy-Useless."

"Well you may laugh," said Lily, "but you'll see what a grand list I've got, if it *is* easy-useless. I didn't want flowers that were *too* much trouble, Sam; and I'd rather have something that I can call snap-dragon at once, and not be always saying 'the tall, blue thing,' or 'the little pink thing,' because I can't remember its name."

"Very judicious and proper," said Sam, opening the Catalogue. "I conclude, then, that snap-dragon heads the Easy-Useless list."

"Yes, it does," said Lily; "this one down here; 'best and brightest varieties mixed.' That was the one Clover advised me to take."

"Useful advice at any rate," said Sam. "What comes next? Alonsoa warczewiczii?"

"No indeed," said Lily.

"This one, perhaps, then—amblyolepis setigera."

"I should think people would be ashamed to give flowers such names," said Lily. "Little innocent things that can't help themselves. No, this is the next—aster: the peony-flowered perfection, mixed colors. Then comes calendula—that's a sort of marigold you see—and then canna. That looks so beautiful that I had to take it. And the 'mixed varieties' are only five cents."

"That *sounds* useful," said Sam. "How about this great cockscomb?"

"I don't like the looks of it much," said Lily. "I sha'n't take it. But here's a pretty thing, Sam—this little dwarf convolvulus—convolvulus minor. You see convolvulus major is morning-glory, but I've taken the minor. Ten cents—and all sorts of colors. And one must have some little things, I suppose. Then now come the pinks—just *look* at them! I've taken one, and Primrose another, and Clover another."

"You could not have made a better choice," said Sam.

"Then I've got this hollyhock," said Lily—"'showy and double.' I hope you like that? And oh! Sam, what do you think about sunflowers?—just see, 'perfectly double,' and 'from five to eight feet high.'"

"I never saw one so tall," said Sam, waiving the more difficult question of his thoughts.

"Well, I'll see," said Lily; "I couldn't quite make up my mind. But flax—I *must* have that—'brilliant crimson,' and flowers all summer. I didn't know flax was so beautiful."

"This is not the common kind," said Sam.

"I wanted some pansies, but I couldn't have every thing," said Lily, turning over the leaves rather fast, as if to hide from her sight all the unattainable beauties; "and of course I couldn't give up these petunias. There—just look! But they are terribly expensive—twenty cents; and that just takes all the rest of my money! Now, Sam, what do you think? isn't it a good list?"

"Very good," said Sam, "and not difficult."

"There's all sorts of peas and

"THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE WOODS."—[From a Painting by J. G. Brown.]

beans over here," said Lily; "but I thought they sounded common. And there's something else, beginning with a Z, that looks handsome; but the name's ugly. And one can't have every thing."

"Sam, where did you learn so much about flowers?" said Mrs. May from her table.

"At Thornbrake, mamma, while I was at school. Mr. Austin's place was close by, and I did a great deal of work and play too in his gardens."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

MAKING TREASON ODIOUS.

THE President has directed that RAPHAEL SEMMES, the late commander of the late *Alabama*, shall not, while he remains unpardoned, hold or exercise the function of Probate Judge, to which office he had just been elected in Mobile. This is an indication of caution and prudence which will be commended by every good citizen.

When Mr. JOHNSON became President he made many speeches to many deputations, and the refrain of every speech was that treason must be made odious. No sentiment he ever uttered was more approved. It was not because he was understood to mean that there must be universal vengeance. No sensible man wished that there should be a general hanging and confiscation and outlawry. No one who knew history and human nature imagined that the peace which had been won could be secured by a vindictive policy. Treason was to be made odious by honoring patriotism. The Government was to favor those who had been faithful to it during the long, dark day of rebellion. Such a policy was founded in common sense. It was intelligible to the dullest mind. Why, then, has it been so often disregarded?

We are not of those who say or believe that the President wishes to put the Government into the hands of its enemies. It is sheer folly to insist that he is anxious to welcome red-handed rebels into Congress. A man is not proved a villain because his views appear to be short-sighted and perilous. Some of the honestest men in the world have done the most mischief, but for all that they were not bad men. That the President should wish to see the Union restored to its normal condition during his Administration is most natural and laudable; nor is it necessary to suspect the motives of such a desire. We disagree, indeed, with many of his views, and the temper in which he often discusses public affairs in his popular speeches is most lamentable. His disposition to make assent to his theories the test of patriotic fidelity is, of course, simply preposterous, and any systematic attempt upon his part, which we do not anticipate, but which is clamorously urged upon him, to prostitute the vast patronage of office to the promotion of his own purposes, however honestly those purposes may be entertained, we trust will be Constitutionally opposed to the utmost. But we believe he heartily deplores the unpromising state of feeling in large portions of the late rebel section, and while he is inclined to attribute it to the delay of Congress to admit loyal representatives from that section, he probably entirely forgets how much of the unsatisfactory condition of the late insurgent States is due to departures from the policy of making treason odious.

When the Union men of those States who have suffered every kind of outrage, who have been fined, mobbed, imprisoned, and have seen their Union neighbors hunted and tortured and hung for their fidelity to the Government, see a man like General HUMPHREYS, of Mississippi, a conspicuous, leading traitor hastily pardoned by the President that he may become Governor; when they see Mr. MONROE, of New Orleans, another chief traitor, pardoned that he may become Mayor; when they see members of the Cabinet deliberately annulling the law of the land in order to appoint late rebels to national offices, while the most noted and tried Union men in the insurgent States ask in vain for such recognition of their fidelity, how can such men help bitterly feeling the contemptuous scorn with which the triumphant rebels regard them? How can they help asking why they might not as well have been rebels? How can they help the conviction that the policy of the Executive is conciliation of rebels and not recognition of Union men, or avoid asking with intense incredulity whether this is the way in which treason is to be made odious?

On the other hand, what is more natural than that the late rebels who, as the President solemnly declared last year, were to be made odious, seeing exactly what the Union men see, should denounce Congress precisely as they used to denounce "the North," should heap every insulting superlative upon the most loyal men in the country, should vociferously declare their "rights," and begin vehemently to expound the Constitution which for four years they have trampled under foot? What is more natural than that these men whose treason, the President taught us, was to make them odious, should persecute with savage ferocity the most unfortunate and defenseless of all Union men in the South, the freedmen, attack their teachers and assassinate the officers of the Bureau, when they see that the Executive is plainly hostile to the Freedmen's Bureau, is reluctant to secure their civil rights, and fiercely denounces as traitors their especial friends? What is more natural than that these men who were to be made odious should make it odious to have been a Union man, and as Mr. BOTTS says in Virginia, should "assume a superiority over the loyal men of this State, impudent, defiant, and determined to ostracize, decapitate, and put the brand of infamy upon loyal men, and by legislation to render treason commendable and loyalty a crime." What wonder that the late rebel Mayor of Mobile, at a banquet of rebels, toasts together ANDREW JOHNSON and JEFFERSON DAVIS, while JOHN MINOR BOTTS, whose fidelity to the Union will not be questioned, declares that he has abandoned President JOHNSON'S plan?

What is the explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs? A year ago, amidst the total ruin of the rebellion and exhaustion of the rebel section, and with the hearty sympathy and support of every loyal man in the land, Mr. JOHNSON became President, declaring, while all the people said Amen, that treason must be made odious. Now, when a year has passed, it is loyalty that is odious and dangerous in the disaffected section, and the vast body of loyal citizens gaze at the President in wonder. Is this situation to be explained by the delay of Congress to admit loyal representatives from unorganized States, or by the fact that the Executive has not succeeded in making treason odious in those States?

If from the moment he became President Mr. JOHNSON, while he reasonably pardoned and amnestied the late rebels, had strenuously supported in every way the constant Union men of the rebel States, if he had shown the most unflinching determination that every right of the freedmen should be respected, and had every where manifested the success of the Government by its official preference of those who had defended it and believed in it under terrible trials, then, whatever his differences with Congress upon questions of method might have been, his policy would have been as approved and resistless as that of Mr. LINCOLN. As it is, the Union men of the Southern States are either silenced as before and during the war, or else with Mr. BOTTS they mean to try for their rights independently of the President.

The sad and stringent testimony of Mr. BOTTS and of Ex-Governor HOLDEN of North Carolina, neither of them "Radicals," supported by the constant evidence of private letters and of the frankest statements of Southern Union men, that should the military force be withdrawn they could not continue to live at home—the incessant assaults upon the freedmen's schools and teachers—the testimony of General GRANT and of General SHERIDAN that a military force must be retained for a long time yet in the late disaffected States—the ferocity of the late rebel press, and the undoubted fact, as Governor HOLDEN says, that "the true Unionists are dejected, cowed, proscribed, under the ban socially, pecuniarily, and politically," should certainly induce the President to consider whether there may not be some better explanation of the situation than the radicalism of Congress. A little radicalism is perhaps natural and even pardonable under the circumstances. And we have no doubt that if the Executive should unswervingly insist upon making treason odious, not by hanging or imprisoning or confiscating, nor by treating every man who was in arms as if he were a murderer, but by that firm preference of tried fidelity which is perfectly intelligible and practicable, the morbid truculence of tone in the late rebel section would abate, the painful and prolonged rupture in the great Union party would begin to heal, and the prospect of a truly "restored Union" would become much more promising.

EQUALIZING REPRESENTATION.

AT a late political meeting in Philadelphia Senator COWAN, of Pennsylvania, is reported to have declared that he was opposed to any amendment of the Constitution at this time. The importance of any opinion of Mr. COWAN'S is due entirely to the public impression that he speaks for the President. But that he does so upon this subject we can not believe. For can it be seriously supposed, even by Senator COWAN, that the loyal people of this country intend that the late rebel States shall have gained political power by their rebellion? Are the States which conspired against the Union not only to have caused the countless sacrifices of life, the enormous debt of the country, and the universal derangement of all commercial and social relations, but also to have increased their weight in the National Government? Yet such will be the result if no amendment is made to the Constitution equalizing representation.

Mr. OWEN, in his admirable letter, shows that in the eleven States lately in insurrection the population is in the proportion of three-fifths white to two-fifths colored. If the three-fifths, to which belongs the dangerous element in those States, exclude the two-fifths from voting, and the Constitution remains unchanged, *every three white voters* in those States will have as much political power in Congress and in all Presidential elections as *every five white voters* in the other States. Is it for this result that Shiloh was fought and the fiery battles of the Wilderness? Is it for this that SHERMAN marched to the sea, that our brothers were tortured to idiocy and death at Andersonville and Belle Isle, and that untold thousands of them are buried in unknown graves? Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS tells us that the opinions of those who led the rebellion are unchanged. Do we, then, propose to give them an unjust advantage in the political arena to which the debate is now adjourned? Senator COWAN says yes. We trust he may live long enough to hear the loyal country, the citizens who have been the soldiers and sailors, and their brethren and friends, answer the question.

The eleven late insurrectionary States are entitled under the present apportionment, reckoning the whole population white and colored as the basis, to *fifty-eight* representatives; under a purely white basis they would be entitled to *forty-two*. Even then they would have an unchanged representation in the Senate, and consequently in a Presidential election the white voters of those States would have an advantage over the white voters of the other States. This should be remedied by the election of President directly by the people.

The question is simple. Shall we, by leaving the Constitution unamended upon this point, say to the chief insurrectionary States that so long as their white population which supported the rebellion chooses to disfranchise the colored population which was loyal, every white voter shall have twice or twice and a third as much political power in the Government as the white voter of the States that did not rebel? This is the question which should be put to the country unembarrassed by any other proposition. This is the amendment suggested by the Committee of Congress, which we hope will be freed from the four years' disfranchisement of those who adhered to the rebellion and then offered to the Legislatures of the States. The result, we imagine, will teach Senator COWAN that a victorious people can be magnanimous without folly, and conciliatory without forgetting common sense and justice.

THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL.

THE next step in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Reform bill, it appears, is the redistribution of seats—or, as we call it, the reapportionment of representation. The disproportion between the representation and the population in different parts of the British islands has always been extraordinary. It has arisen from the ancient borough and county rights and privileges which it was the object of the "Municipal Reform" bill of the year 1835 to regulate. Parliament is composed of members elected by counties, by boroughs, by a certain number of cities, and by the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. Upon certain towns and boroughs the right of voting was anciently conferred by the gracious will of the King; but in a town where there was a corporation it was that, and not the people, which was represented.

In 1790 the city of London had 500,000 inhabitants and four representatives; while the county of Cornwall, with a population of 175,000, had 44 representatives. In the same year 375 voters, scattered among 30 boroughs, sent 60 members to Parliament. The member for Tiverton was chosen by 14 voters; the member for Tavistock by 10. The borough of Old Sarum is historical. Old Sarum is the synonym of a rotten borough. This was a deserted spot of half a dozen old houses and a dozen inhabitants, and was entitled to two representatives, who were generally nominated either by the steward or butler of the proprietor of the place. LOUIS BLANC tells us also of another borough which was under water, but which continued to be represented. The proprietor of the sea-shore stepped into a boat with three others, and the election took place at sea. But in the debates of 1831 the Lord Advocate mentioned a case where the constituency was composed, in addition to the sheriff and the registering officer, of one person—who met, called himself to order, took the chair, nominated himself, seconded the nomination, voted for himself, and declared himself unanimously elected.

In Middlesex, in 1844, it appeared that the voters were 1 in 115, in Lancashire 1 in 80, and in West Surrey 1 in 26. Tavistock, which in 1790 sent one member for 10 voters, now elects two members by 433 voters. Honiton has 283 electors and two members; Totnes 250 and two members; Thetford 217 and two members. Mr. ROBERT LOWE is one of the most active and forcible opponents of the GLADSTONE Reform bill. He represents Calne, and is elected by 175 voters, a majority of whom, or 88 voters, would counterbalance the votes of 11,396 electors in the northern division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. LAWSON, Attorney-General for Ireland, represents a constituency of 86 electors. His seat would be secured by 44 votes, and his vote is of course equal in the House to that of either of the members for Cork, whose constituency numbers 15,572.

These extraordinary inequalities are natural in a system of government of classes and not of the people; and they explain much of the condition of England. The perception of the inadequacy and injustice of the representation brought the country into plain view of civil war in 1831 and '2; but such is the political progress even in England, that the year 1867 will probably see a man who believes in universal intelligent suffrage Prime Minister.

NATIONAL BANK SCANDALS.

THE pending investigation of the affairs of the Merchants' National Bank at Washington reveals facts which, though scandalous enough to shock any outside observer, were not unexpected by those who have made themselves familiar with the working of the National Bank system. It not only appears that the heaviest deposits of public money in the Washington bank were made after its insolvency was established, but it further appears that a considerable portion of that very money was used in stock operations in Wall Street. In other words, stock speculators got control of the bank, used its money in Wall Street and lost it, and, to make good their losses, contrived to induce Government agents (it is needless to mention names) to give them more money to speculate still further. It is the old story of JENKINS or KETCHUM.

The scandal might pass over and be forgotten in the usual nine days were the Merchants' National Bank a solitary specimen of its kind. But it is only one of two or three score institutions which have been fattening on the public money. Over twenty-four millions of public money were, at the date of the last Treasury return, deposited for safe-keeping in National Banks. The amount must now be reduced to less than twenty-three millions and a half by the failure of the Merchants' Bank. All this money is left with the National Banks free of interest; though, simultaneously, the Treasury Department is paying 4 and 5 per cent. interest on $130,000,000 of temporary deposits which it does not need. A smart financier can thus make money very easily. All that is requisite is to get his bank appointed a Government depository, which is readily done. A little further exertion secures him a deposit of half a million. If he does not choose to take trouble or to run risks, he takes this money to the Sub-Treasury in New York or Philadelphia, and lends it to Government at 4 per cent. Thus our obliging Secretary actually pays 4 per cent. interest for the use of his own money, and our smart National Banker makes $20,000 a year without risk or labor. This may be very grand in theory, but in practice it strikes us that financiering of this order is not the way to restore a sound currency or to promote economy.

There are points of view in which the National Bank system commands approval. It is an improvement on the old State system, which involved such wide variations in the values of the currencies of different States, and opened the door for so many frauds. No one would now desire to abolish it, and go back to the old plan. In the main it is a success. But it can not be denied that the system, as at present administered, is susceptible of improvement. The public will not much longer pay taxes at the rate of $16 50 per head for the purpose of enabling National Banks to realize 12 per cent. on their capital—as they do by drawing 6 per cent on the bonds deposited with the Controller of the currency, and 6 more by using the currency issued to them on the deposit of said bonds. Sooner or later, Congress will tax the bonds deposited at a rate which will absorb the bulk of the interest they bear; and no sound objection will be urged against the measure. Nor is there any justification for the deposit of public moneys in National Banks when the Government has Sub-Treasuries and national depositories in which its moneys can be safely kept. Apart from the risk which such money runs—quite needlessly, there is something demoralizing in placing at the gratuitous disposal of speculative bankers large sums of money which may not be called for in months, and by the use of which, with good luck, fortunes may be realized.

It is notorious in Wall Street that the bulk of the "fancy stocks," which have been lately inflated in that meridian, are "carried" with money loaned by National Banks—in good part, doubtless, money really owned by the Government. The money of the Merchant's National Bank at Washington was lost, it is said, in Chicago and North Western, and one or two fancy coal stocks. It had previously been used to corner Michigan Southern—so 'tis said. Who can say how the other $23,500,000 of Government money in the National Banks is being employed? Is this the money which is inflating Canton, and Quicksilver, and Mariposa, and Pittsburg, and Fort Wayne, and the other lively "fancies" of the street? Or is it em-

ployed in carrying gold—with a view to put up the premium and depreciate the national currency? If Mr. M'CULLOCH is willing to lend his own money to National Banks without interest, while at the same time he borrows money of the same banks at four per cent., there would be no inconsistency in his selling gold to keep down the premium, and at the same time furnishing buyers of gold with currency (free of interest) to carry the precious metal and so defeat his object.

History incessantly repeats itself. Thirty-two or three years ago Government deposited its money with State banks, which used it to foster speculation, and the result was the crash of 1837 and heavy losses of Government money. We seem to be treading in the old path. If Government continues to employ the National Banks as depositories of the public money, in disregard of the established Sub-Treasuries, the amount in the keeping of these institutions will soon swell from $23,500,000 to double that amount. The Sub-Treasurers have no interest in increasing their deposits; the National Banks have every reason to desire theirs increased. And at Washington the latter appear to have more friends than the former. Mr. M'CULLOCH is understood to have interfered with the War Department last week to prevent the summary withdrawal of paymasters' funds from the National Banks; and the Controller of the Currency has written a letter to say that in his opinion National Bank notes are quite as good as greenbacks. If Congress does not interfere, this sort of thing points very clearly to increased deposits in the National Banks, a vast speculation based on such deposits, and another 1837 within a year or two. It is for Congress and the tax-payers to say whether this risk shall be incurred.

THE LATE RIOT AT MEMPHIS.

A PRIVATE letter to us from Memphis, written just before the late riot by a careful and impartial observer who is the reverse of a "Radical," is an interesting revelation of the state of society in that city, and explains the late shameful scenes there. Our correspondent is speaking of the Freedmen's Bureau, and says:

"The Provost Marshal of the Bureau attends every morning at the station-house to watch cases in which the colored men are concerned. This is quite necessary, the civil authorities of the city being mostly Irish, and horribly vindictive to the negro. Two or three cases of their gross misconduct came under my notice. The Mayor is a full-blooded Irishman, and the only justices I saw are of the same nationality. Brutal misrule and all kinds of misdeeds are common.

"In Memphis one of the ordinances is, that a stranger not a storekeeper can only sell through the agency of commissioners appointed for that purpose. The police are constantly on the watch for infringements of this ordinance. Now upon the steamer *Louisville*, a boat I traveled on, there was a large number of boxes full of poultry going to New Orleans. A well-dressed man coming on board and addressing a colored porter, asked if they were for sale; he was told that the man who owned them was in at dinner. Without further words he carried off the porter to prison. When the man was missed, and the captain learned what had become of him, he sent another colored man to the station with a message that it was altogether a mistake. This man was likewise detained in durance vile. The clerk of the boat went next, but without satisfaction. So the captain went up, and was told that his men were to be held for trial for breaking a city ordinance. He asked that the court sit and decide the matter. This was at once refused. He next demanded to see the law. The Irish judge pulled out a dog's-eared old order-book, and pointing to a page, remarked, 'There, damn it, is a copy of the law.' The captain would not leave his men, and even offered his boat as security for their appearance, without avail. He then bethought him of the Bureau, through which the men were released, the captain leaving fifty dollars with the officer as a bond to produce the men if wanted at a future time. The court was now in session; nor was the informer rebuked for rising and saying 'he would be damned if he was going to lose his three dollars.' Under such laws about a hundred negroes are at present held."

It is not surprising that in such a city upon the slightest pretense the police force and the rabble should engage in a bloody hunt of this unhappy class of the population. We gave last week the details of the sad scenes of the first days of May. The animus of this terrible riot is evident. It was that hatred of the colored race which is made more malignant in the late Slave States by the fact of its unswerving loyalty during the war. That the drunken colored soldiers were quarrelsome and noisy and sullen as drunken white soldiers are under similar circumstances is undoubtedly true. But no conduct of white soldiers would have occasioned so prolonged and murderous a persecution. The Memphis *Avalanche*, which was a furious advocate of the rebellion, and is now of course an equally furious opponent of "the Radicals," gravely states that in this wanton massacre of negroes and burning of their houses "Radical fiendishness was indulging a partial satisfaction." In precisely the same spirit when the foreign rabble of New York hung and shot and burned the inoffensive negroes in the summer of 1863, the New York *World*, and other papers in sympathy with the rebellion, spoke of the loathsome crimes of a mad mob as a movement of "the people."

Both these shameful riots sprang from the inhuman prejudice against the colored population which is carefully fostered and inflamed by the Democratic party. We appeal to any intelligent man whether it is a fact that that population is generally or notoriously lawless or criminal or malignant. We appeal to our history to declare whether for the last eighty years they have been more sinning or sinned against in this country. And we appeal to Yankee common-sense to decide whether a party whose sole policy is contemptuous injustice toward a seventh part of the population is not a party radically dangerous to the peace and welfare of the country.

General STONEMAN'S letters upon the riots to the people of Memphis are manly and decided. They show that the peace will now be maintained if he has force sufficient. General FISK, of the Freedmen's Bureau, and a Committee of Congress are engaged in investigating the circumstances of the disturbance. Those who ask why this is done by Congress forget that Memphis is still under the National care.

A SIGN IN VIRGINIA.

THE Virginia Union Convention is one of the most cheerful signs of the times. It is an indication of the self-respect and confidence of the large number at the South, who although compelled to silence during the war still nourished the true faith. For a year they have been as silent as before, apparently waiting to see the salvation of the victory which their cause had won. But at last they begin to see that they must save themselves, and Mr. CLEMENTS, of Portsmouth, touched the mainspring of their final success when he said that "the true policy of the Union men in the South should be to avail themselves of the negro element." This is indeed obvious, when we consider that the colored population compose a solid body of the stanchest Unionists. We confess, however, that we had not expected this inevitable and decisive position to be so soon taken, and the fact that it has been is proof of the earnestness of those who plant themselves upon it. We call it inevitable, because with the vast moral support given to impartial suffrage by the most intelligent class of citizens in the country, and its sure final triumph, it was impossible that, as political differences began to express themselves again in the rebel States, this immense resource of strength should be disregarded.

It is a significant fact that no political Convention has declared itself for impartial suffrage more plainly and forcibly than the late assemblage at Alexandria. It was in that city that the first advance of the United States was made against the external lines of the late rebellion, and it is there that the first blow of a Southern State is given to the vital spirit of the rebellion. When the platform of this Convention becomes the policy of the late rebel States the corner-stone of an enduring peace will be laid.

The Convention organized the Union Republican party of Virginia, and took measures for the appointment of State and county committees. The platform declares for impartial qualified suffrage as a requisite of a republican form of government, and as a means of harmonizing the policy of the President and of Congress. It holds that any considerable portion of the people which is denied a voice in the elections will be denied just protection for person and property; that no reconstruction is sure which does not provide against the assertion of the doctrine of secession; that treason should be made odious; that it is the evident intention of the late rebels to try to secure by votes what they could not obtain by bayonets; that intelligence is essential to a truly safe popular government, and that universal education should therefore be secured by a system of free schools; and, finally, the Convention appointed a committee to wait upon the President and Congress and solicit their sympathy and their approval of its action.

Here, then, is a movement to which the most captious can not object. The most fanatical devotee of State rights can not carp at the peaceful and lawful action of a body of unquestionably loyal citizens; and the most ardent believer in the right of the nation to secure the Union by any just political condition may well prefer to see that result attained by spontaneous local action. This Convention is but another illustration of the vital character of the question of equal suffrage. It will be agitated every where in the country until it triumphs, and until it does triumph we shall be subject to the gravest political excitements.

RELATION OF EXERCISE TO HEALTH.

THE necessity of exercise for the maintenance of health is a very hackneyed theme, and yet few really understand *how* it promotes health, and some even of those who have written about it would be puzzled in trying to furnish an explanation. With this want of clear ideas of the real nature of the subject, there are consequently many errors afloat which are practically injurious. Hence the necessity for looking at the matter more carefully than is commonly done.

What effects do exercise actually produce in the system? Its most palpable effect is increased activity in the circulation—the heart beats faster and stronger, pumping the blood more rapidly into the arteries; and the capillaries, the minute extreme vessels, are every where fuller of blood than usual, which is shown externally to the eye in the reddening of the skin. The lungs are crowded with blood, and hence the breathing is rapid to provide sufficient air to aerate the surplus blood passing through. With the reddened face there is a reddened brain, for the strongly-pumping heart forces more blood than usual upward into this organ. And so of other organs.

What comes of all this? What should come from increasing the supply of building-material and from stimulated action? Good development, building after a full pattern, and strong building. It is not, observe, mere bulk that you get—that may come from mere relaxation, with a plentiful supply of material. The structure is firm as well as large.

You see this result in the muscles themselves. Look at the bulging muscles of iron strength in the arm of the blacksmith, in contrast with the muscles in the arm of a sedentary man. So also the sailor has the muscles of the arms more developed than those of the lower extremities, because he uses them so much more; while, on the contrary, the muscles of the lower limbs of the dancer and the athletic runner are extraordinarily developed.

But while the enlarging and strengthening effect of exercise is manifested most decidedly in the muscles, it is, as you have seen from what we have already said, by no means confined to them. There is not an organ of the body that is not affected. This is recognized generally in relation to the stomach, for it is commonly said that exercise increases the power of digestion. But it is equally true of the lungs. Let them be untrammeled by pressure, and the exercise that makes the blood course through their minute vessels, distending them fully, will enlarge and strengthen these organs. So, too, the brain can do its work better if the blood be every now and then vigorously pumped into it; so that the thinker in taking exercise is not merely resting his brain, and strengthening his system at large, but he is directly storing up power in the brain itself.

We have thus far spoken of growth or building; but after the full development is reached exercise is needed to keep up the good condition. If it be omitted there will be either shrinkage or bulk without vigor. We are accustomed to think of adults as being fully developed; but there are glaring facts which prove that many of them are far from it—either they have never been well developed, or if they have, there has been a decided loss from long intermission of the requisite exercise. We refer to the measurements that show such large increase of bulk, especially in the capacity of the chest, after a course of gymnastic exercises.

But there is something beyond mere development in the results of exercise. The nervous power, or vital force, or whatever it may be called, has for one of its natural stimuli or excitants arterial blood, and therefore the better this and the more briskly it circulates the greater will be the general activity of the various organs.

Another thing still is to be taken into the account. It is the effect on the skin. We do not refer here to the firmness that exercise gives to this organ in common with the other organs of the body, as seen in the contrast between the thick and elastic skin of the active and the thin and flabby skin of the sedentary. We especially refer to the important functions which this very extensive organ performs. One of these is excretion. In the insensible perspiration—the breathing of the skin, as we may call it—though so silently done, there passes off constantly much of the refuse of the system. For the purpose of effecting this there is a vast system of tubes in the skin. Mr. E. Wilson, with the aid of a microscope, counted 3528 tubes in a square inch on the palm of the hand. By his estimate there are in the whole skin about 7,000,000 of these tubes, and the total amount of tubing is 48,600 yards, or 28 miles. Now, these tubes, like all other tubes, need an occasional washing out to remove obstructions, and this can only be done by the free, sensible perspiration produced by brisk exercise. Outside bathing will not alone accomplish this—it may remove obstructions from the outlets of the tubes, but can not clear the tubes themselves. This must be done by water forced through them from the inside—that is, by the flow of the perspiration. It need hardly be said that if these tubes are not kept clear, the refuse which should pass through them, retained in the system, will surely impair the health and produce positive disease.

You see from what we have said that gentle exercise alone can not answer the purposes alluded to. There must be mingled with it strong exertion—such as will make the heart pump the blood forcibly into all the organs, and will cause a good flow of the perspiration. The very graceful and proper walk of the formal processions so commonly seen issuing from boarding-schools does but little good. Scanty development and debility are the certain results of such shortcomings in the obedience of nature's laws.

The limits of exercise, and the relative values of its various forms and modes, will be considered hereafter.

"THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE WOODS."

THE charming picture on our first page is reproduced from a painting by J. G. BROWN, of this city. The painting is one of those pleasant works of art which have given Mr. BROWN a well-deserved popularity. We have placed this engraving in immediate juxtaposition with Miss WARNER'S beautiful story of "The Three Little Spades," because there seemed to be a peculiar fitness in setting "The Little Queen of the Woods" in the midst of a chapter about flowers.

LITERARY.

THE first volume of LOSSING'S "Pictorial History of the Civil War," published by GEORGE W. CHILDS, is now ready. It is a large and handsome volume of 600 pages, copiously illustrated, and it tells with unflagging interest and fidelity the story of the rebellion from the meeting of the Charleston Convention in 1860 to the disastrous battle of Bull Run. It is written in a lucid and animated style, warmed with the most earnest, patriotic feeling. In the author's judgment the rebellion was a crime against the country, against liberty and civilization; but his fervid condemnation of the leaders in the dark conspiracy does not confuse his faculty as a faithful chronicler. Mr. LOSSING'S familiarity with the country and with our history acquired in the preparation of his "Pictorial History of the Revolution," and of the War of 1812, and his practiced skill as a writer and designer, have been of great value to him in compiling this history. He is now visiting every point of interest during the war; and when his journey is completed he will have traveled about twenty thousand miles for the purposes of his work, which will be completed in three volumes. The author's candor and sincerity, his careful and extensive research, and his untiring industry and patience give a peculiar charm to his Chronicle of the War.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 15:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman reported a bill to reduce the rate of interest on the national debt, and for funding the same. The joint resolution to prevent the introduction of cholera into the United States was then taken up, and, after receiving some amendments, was passed. A message was received from the President, returning, without his signature, the bill for the admission of Colorado.

In the House, the Senate amendments to the Post-office Appropriation bill were concurred in.—The bill on the organization of the Territories was passed by a vote of 79 to 43. The ninth section prohibits the denial of suffrage to citizens because of race or color.

May 17:

In the Senate, the Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.—The West Point Academy bill was then considered, and an amendment adopted prohibiting the appointment either to West Point or the Naval Academy of any persons who have served in the rebel army or navy. The bill was passed.

May 18:

In the House, a resolution was adopted, without debate, declaring Mr. Delano entitled to his seat as Representative from the Thirteenth District of Ohio.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the night of May 21 a fire broke out in a restaurant connected with the Academy of Music, and that edifice was soon laid in ruins. The New York University Medical College was destroyed. The fire extended into Fifteenth Street and across Third Avenue. The loss is estimated by millions of dollars.

NEWS ITEMS.

Ex-Governor John Letcher, of Virginia, in a recent letter, states that he has taken no part in politics, and has not cast a political vote since 1861. He says that he is pecuniarily ruined, and is compelled to pursue his profession. He says in conclusion: "The only service I can render is to give the country the benefit of my example, in showing a proper respect for the laws of the land, and a practical obedience thereto."

Captain Ap Catesby Jones, who left the United States Navy for that of the rebels, and commanded the iron-clad *Virginia*, has been appointed Chief of Ordnance of the Peruvian Navy.

The farmers in Upper Georgia and North Alabama are plowing up their cotton crops and planting corn instead. Not more than one-fourth of the crop can be counted on in those regions.

Mr. Ferry has been nominated United States Senator from Connecticut to take the place of Vice-President Foster.

The testimony taken by the Reconstruction Committee is in print. It makes a volume of 768 pages of document size.

On the 15th of July, 1865, the date on which the last organization of colored troops was mustered in there were in the service of the United States 120 regiments of infantry, 12 of heavy artillery, 10 companies of light artillery, and 7 regiments of cavalry—in all as follows:

Infantry	98,938
Heavy Artillery	15,662
Light Artillery	1,311
Cavalry	7,245
Total	123,156

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE financial panic in England was increasing. Failures have occurred involving eighteen millions of pounds sterling. Among the houses closed is that of Sir Morton Peto. The Bank of England Charter Act has been suspended, and interest has advanced to the rate of 10 per cent.

The news from Germany exhibits no improvement. Count Bismarck threatens Saxony with ulterior measures unless she at once disarms. Saxony, on the other hand, justifies her military preparations on the ground that she may be called upon by the Federal Diet to provide a contingent. It is stated that Prussia has lost no time in answering the Austrian note of the 26th ult., and that she insists upon regarding the movement of Austria in the direction of Italy as a menace. Just as an arrangement appeared to have been come to for the simultaneous demobilization of the armaments of Austria and Prussia the latter power objects to the Austrian preparations in Venetia and on the frontiers against an attack from Italy. The Italian Government also objects to the Austrian armaments, and denies that Italy had increased her armaments. Austria maintains that Italy is arming; but she promises not to take the offensive against Italy, and that, so soon as she shall receive an official declaration that Italy does not meditate an offensive movement against her, she will immediately restore her army in Venetia to a peace footing. The Italian Government has obtained the unanimous assent of the Chamber of Deputies for placing the army on a war footing, and for providing by royal decrees and by extraordinary measures the financial means necessary for the defense of the country.

Austria has an army of 433,700 men, Prussia one of 367,840 men. At the latest advices Prussia had massed her entire army on the frontier, Austria had called out "every soldier." Italy was most energetic in her war preparations, Bavaria had mobilized her army, Turkey was about to take the same step, and Russia was reported as moving a portion of her forces. An attempt had been made to assassinate Count Bismarck in Berlin.

On the 2d of May the Spanish fleet, under Admiral Nuñez, on its way to bombard the city of Callao, Peru, was badly beaten by the shore batteries in the harbor, the vessels shattered, and Nuñez himself wounded. The *Villa de Madrid* and *Berenguela* were so badly damaged early in the fight that they were obliged to withdraw to San Lorenzo, and they were afterward followed by the *Numancia* and the rest of the fleet, more or less damaged. The fight lasted five hours. Sixty Peruvians are reported killed and one hundred and twenty wounded. Senor Galvez, the Secretary of War, was killed. The loss of the Spaniards is not known; but it is supposed to have been heavy.

The fortunate peasant, now a noble, who saved the life of the Czar is, next to his illustrious master, the most important personage in Russia. His title will not be a portionless one, for in St. Petersburg alone the public subscription in his behalf already amounts to £25,000, and, further to fit him for his new position, the Emperor has requested General Todleben to superintend his education.

THE FIRE IN SALEM

WE give on this page an illustration of the recent fire in Salem, in which Lynde block and building in its rear were destroyed. The fire broke out on the night of May 14, in a shed in the rear of the East India Marine Hall building. The locality was one extremely difficult to operate in, and the flames were much advanced when the steamers and engines were brought to bear upon them.

In a short time the stable and Gymnasium building were enveloped in flames, the fire creeping through the roof immediately, and defying the thorough drenching of water which fell upon the outside, but which was unable to penetrate to where it was most needed. The roof finally fell in with a crash.

The East India Marine Hall building was at one time in great danger, the eastern coving being on fire its entire length, and the flames penetrating the roof. A pipe was finally put into the building, which was thus saved from destruction. As it was, the building was considerably damaged by water, though the celebrated collection of curiosities was saved without much injury, though with considerable displacement.

The whole of Lynde block was soon in flames, commencing at the southern end. The total loss of property can not be less than from $75,000 to $100,000.—The wooden buildings were not of great value. The Lynde block and the brick block on Liberty Street were the most valuable of the buildings destroyed.

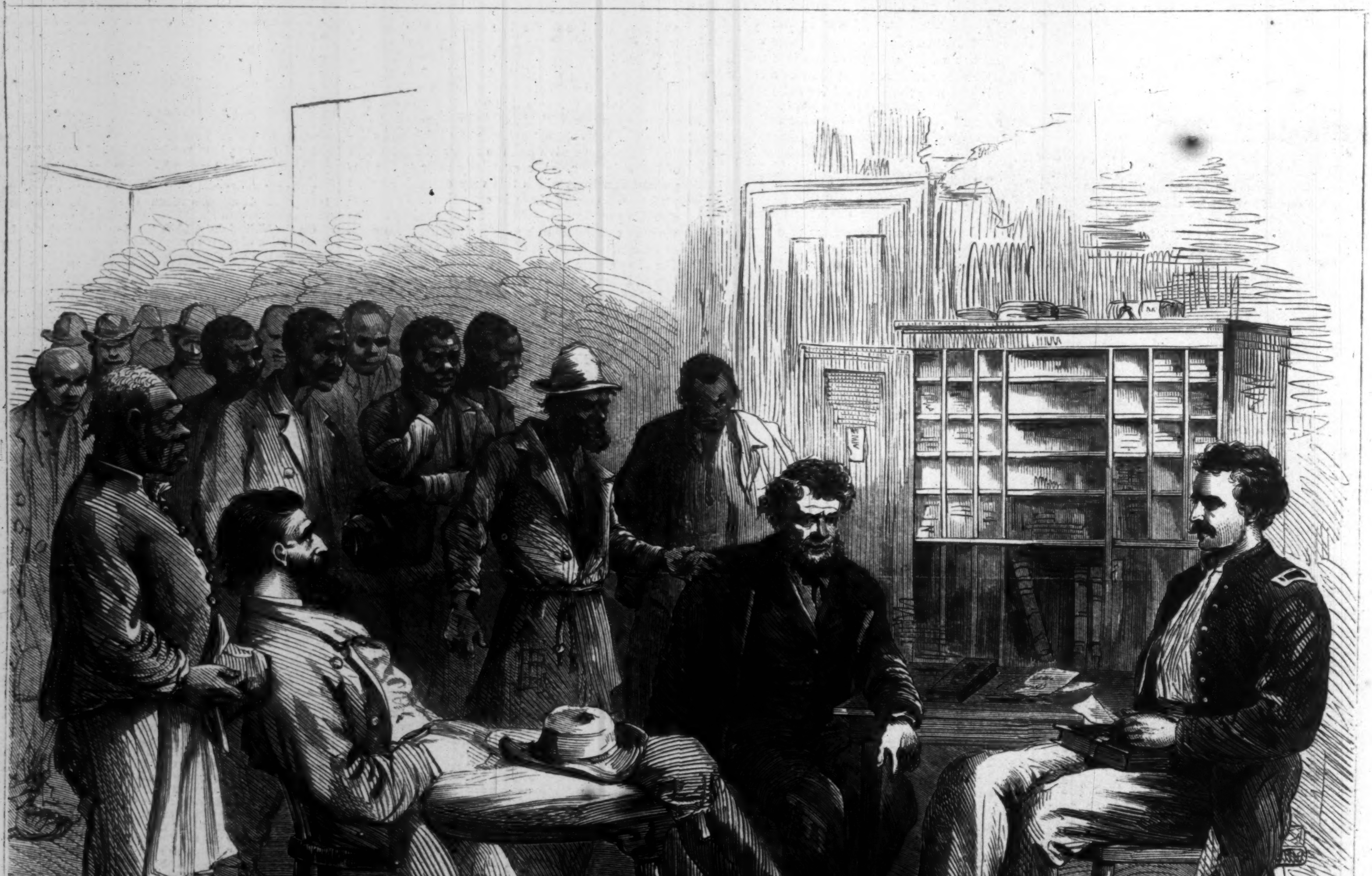
THE FIRE AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS—DESTRUCTION OF LYNDE BLOCK.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]

RECEPTION OF THE FENIAN CHIEF.

ON the 15th of May Mr. JAMES STEPHENS, the Fenian Chief, was honored by his brave brethren with a grand reception at Jones's Wood. There was a crushing turn-out, and notwithstanding that admission-tickets cost fifty cents ahead, there was an immense audience gathered together to hear what the old veteran from across the sea had to say for himself and—for them. About fifteen thousand Fenians are supposed to have been present:

"At half past one," says the *Herald*, "the carriage which had been sent down to the Metropolitan for the Central Organizer appeared before the main gate to the wood, bearing its illustrious freight. The several bands, which had been duped many times during the morning by the appearance of swift-moving barouches, struck up 'Hail to the Chief' with commendable vigor. Mr. STEPHENS was driven rapidly down the Mall to head-quarters between long lines of shouting and cheering Fenians, male and female, young and old, lifting his hat often from his bald head and bowing his pale face to the delighted multitude."

We have not space to give Mr. STEPHENS's ad-


OFFICE OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

[SEE PAGE 346.]

dress in full. He began with the history of his own connection with the Fenian cause:

"Toward the close of December, 1857," he said, "a young Irishman called at my residence in Dublin, bringing me letters from Colonel O'MAHONY and from the late Colonel MICHAEL DOHENY. He had also an oral communication to make himself; but all was to the effect that an organization had been established in America, of which Colonel DOHENY was appointed the chief, and I was requested to commence an organization and to direct it in Ireland.... On my return to Ireland, after seven years' exile, the first thing I did was to travel through the country in every direction to derive a thorough knowledge of the people, and to see what could be done. I devoted a whole year to that, during which time I traveled three thousand miles on foot." He acknowledged that the Fenian movement was a conspiracy. He recounted the discouragements he had met in this country and at home, and alluded especially to the opposition of the clergy. "We have," he said, "invariably inculcated upon our friends the duty of giving obedience and submitting in all devotion to their clergy in their spiritual character, but that in their temporal character they were simply to look upon them as citizens. Without this training you never could have a force in Ireland upon whom you could rely." He earnestly urged upon his brethren the necessity of union in their efforts. He said the organization in Ireland toward the close of last year numbered two hundred thousand men, and of that force fifty thousand were thoroughly drilled, with a large proportion of men who had seen war and smelt powder on the battle-field—a large proportion of veterans, in short; fifty thousand were partly drilled men, and the other hundred thousand quite undrilled. All that the Fenians wanted was war material and money.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT came upon Somerville at last. Came the very week of the Sabbath upon which Brother Barker had exulted, with the angels in heaven, over the repulse of Banks on Red River. Came at the very time the Secession element of Somerville was glittering upon the very crest, the Union element glooming in the lowest trough of the ever-rolling sea. Came to Somerville as comes upon the pit of his stomach to a pugilist an unexpected blow when he has just warded off another from his eye. So occupied were we all in Somerville with the defeat of Banks that we had completely forgotten about ourselves. It was like that ball in Brussels of which Lord Byron has issued such extensive tickets: no marriage bell went merrier than did Somerville, when, like the roar of the coming Waterloo, dimming the sparkling eyes, paling the glowing cheeks at said ball, comes the rumor of an advance of the Federals upon the town.

How the rumor first reached the place who can tell? Rumor at times seems to be, indeed, the living goddess the Romans made it, and to move with lightning rapidity in and by itself without the intervention of any means whatever. It was exactly at nine o'clock Friday night that Dr. Warner threw Mrs. Warner into strong hysterics by the announcement that the Federals were coming. When that lady ventured to steal forth after a night spent in hiding her silver and the children of her negro woman, lest the mother should run away, her jewelry and other valuables, refreshing herself occasionally by abuse of alternately the Confederates and the Federals, her husband being most to blame of all, the first object she beheld was the Federal flag flying from the roof of the Court-house, near which Dr. Warner had his home.

We have the authority of Sir Walter Scott that the bugle blast of Roderick Dhu possessed the double power both of causing the instantaneous appearance and the as instantaneous disappearance of bodies of men. Whatever wizard blew the blast in this case, the appearing of the Federal force was not more sudden than was the disappearance of the male Secessionists of Somerville. For reasons which will appear in the sequel, we abstain from saying any thing more in reference to this raid than the actual fact of its having taken place just at that time in Somerville compels us to record. Closed stores, upon the walls of which the enemy have posted bills informing the citizens that, so long as they are themselves quiet, the invaders will scrupulously avoid molesting any other than Confederate property; deserted streets, every individual peeping from behind doors and through the slats of shutters with curiosity swallowing up all other feeling; the marching hither and thither of blue-coated cavalry; the sound of martial music—a dream come and gone before we know it.

That Friday night Mr. Arthur was in the very act of kneeling with Mrs. Sorel's household at family worship when an halloo makes it necessary for Robby to go down to the front gate to quiet the dogs and find out what is wanted. He is gone so long that Mr. Arthur himself goes out. He meets Robby returning, and only hears some one shout, "Tell them exactly what I told you!" as the one shouting gallops off in the darkness. Repeating his message on the way back, Robby repeats it yet again when he gets into the house. A most remarkable message it is.

"Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!'"

"Colonel Brooks?" asks Mrs. Sorel—"Colonel Brooks, Brooks?"

"Nothing else?" asks Mr. Arthur, bewilderment giving place to the sudden joy.

"As soon as I could get old Cuff to stop barking I asked, 'Who's there?'" says Robby, soberly, but not without some vague sense of new importance. "One of the men—"

"There were two, then?" asks his mother.

"Yes, ma, on horseback, two—Dr. Peel and Mr. Brooks. Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!' That is exactly what Mr. Brooks said. 'Is that you, Robby?' he asked, when I first got to the gate—'Is that you, Robby?' so eagerly. Humph," adds Robby, "I think I ought to know Mr. Brooks's voice. Didn't I used to see him every day? Wasn't he my Sunday-school teacher? Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!' And then they galloped off."

THE YANKEES HAVE COME.

"But how do you know the other was Dr. Peel?" asked Mr. Arthur, while Mrs. Sorel has sunk again in her arm-chair, as if unable to stand.

"Oh, I knew that before I got to the gate. He was cursing old Cuff, you know," adds Robby. "Oh, I know Dr. Peel. I've heard him cursing and swearing ten thousand times. Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!'" Robby repeats the words as he had before done quite other words, verses and the like, from Mr. Brooks's lips in the Sabbath-school.

"I really and sincerely think you had better go," says Mrs. Sorel, suddenly, to Mr. Arthur, after half an hour of wondering and questioning.

Mr. Arthur lifts his eyes in mute inquiry, though he sees at a glance that placid Mrs. Sorel has been reading his thoughts all the time.

"By the Federals you know I shall be respected," she says, rapidly but quietly; "if any of the Secessionists should endeavor to molest me, it would be none the better, all the worse, if *you* were here. Go, Mr. Arthur, go!"

"I can not think of leaving you. None but you and Robby," begins that individual. "The negroes—"

"They would not harm their old mistress. No—Mrs. Sorel is safer without you," she adds, with a smile.

"I can not think of going. I will not leave you exposed," says Mr. Arthur, throwing on the table his hat, which he has, most unconsciously, got from the hall, and has had in his hand all this time. And he takes his seat, and draws Robby to his accustomed place between his knees.

"Mr. Arthur," says Mrs. Sorel, very erect in her chair—as thoroughly from South Carolina at the moment as Mrs. Bowles ever was—"I am mistress in my own house—No, I don't mean that. I am old enough to be your mother. I will do to you as I would to Frank if he were here. I command you to go!"

Even as he gallops along through the darkness toward Somerville his conscience smites him; but he gallops on, leaving the casuistry of the case to be settled when he has more time.

A busy time he finds it when he reaches town. He had met more than one vehicle on the road thither; he now hears the roll of wheels, the galloping of horses in every direction; slamming doors, running feet, sawing, hammering, glancing lights in the windows, lanterns in almost every stable. Few voices heard, but an exceedingly busy time.

Not until he has alighted at Mrs. Bowles's gate does he ask himself how he is to arrange matters with that lady—what he is to say. The front-door is open, a light streams from it, and, as he opens the gate to go in, the beams fall full upon the face of Brother Barker, of all men in the world. And very much excited indeed is Brother Barker.

"Ah! Brother Arthur," he says, in an agitated manner, seizing upon, and—from sheer force of general habit—shaking the hand of the other in the long, and altogether indescribable manner peculiar to Brother Barker after a warm meeting in church or arbor. It is the first time he has even spoken to Brother Arthur for years now. Generally he has avoided him on the street, or, when compelled to pass him, it has been with a nod greatly colder than no recognition; the repulsion—moral, religious, intellectual, every way—the repulsion between these two men being really greater than that between any other two men in Somerville.

"Your horse, I believe, Brother Arthur?" pointing to the animal from which Mr. Arthur had just alighted with his left hand, while he retains his friend's hand, still shaking it, in his right.

It is Mr. Arthur's horse.

"Would you be so kind? Some unprincipled person has stolen my animal from the stable within the last hour. The fact is—I presume you may know—it is believed the Federals—I would not wound your feelings for the world, Brother Arthur"—another shake of the hand—"but I have reason to think that I may be singled out"—greatly agitated.

"What can *I* do for you, Sir?" asks Mr. Arthur, to close the interview, endeavoring in vain to extricate his hand.

With many hurried words Brother Barker at last asks and obtains Mr. Arthur's horse, and rides off, and faster than its owner had come. The fact is, just before, Brother Barker and Bob Withers had been thrown together at Staples's hotel, in the universal jumble of the confusion and hurry.

"Oh, is this *you*, Mr. Barker? *You* here yet?" Mr. Withers has found time, in the rush, to stop and ask of that gentleman, with astonishment, even terror, depicted on his face. "Why, my dear Sir—by George! *You* here still? Don't you know they have sworn to hang you? You must have heard of it; it is *you* they are coming to Somerville after! Colonel Brooks commands the force. It was you, you know—don't you, by George!—who had his brother Paul hung. From your own steeple they'll hang you, man!" But here the two are separated in the confusion, and for several days after Brother Barker has disappeared, with multitudes of others, from the streets of Somerville.

Mr. Arthur finds himself in Mrs. Bowles's parlor, and in company with that lady and her daughter, before he has at all arranged what to say. He had not supposed Mrs. Bowles could be as cold and stately as she now bears herself, frail as a shadow, the silvered hair so smoothly arranged under the neat cap, the refined face as sorrowful yet as stern as Antigone. Mr. Arthur has a general idea, in the hurry of the moment, that so far from being in undress Mrs. Bowles has on her very best attire, dressed even with unusual care. With coldest politeness she barely endures Mr. Arthur. Alice sits with drooping eyes after the first salutations. No wonder he can not read her thoughts, she is far from knowing them herself.

"Will you pardon my intrusion?" he asks, without taking a seat. "I happen to be in Somerville to-night, and come to beg, if altogether convenient, that I may be permitted to sleep in the front office to-night."

"If you desire to sleep there, not being able to go out to Mrs. Sorel's," begins Mrs. Bowles, with coldest dignity, and as ungraciously as she can force herself to be.

"A gentleman has just borrowed and ridden off my horse," Mr. Arthur remarks, Hannibal like, his ships burned behind him, that having been not the least motive with him in permitting Brother Barker to take his horse—not without a mounting color in his face, and conscious of the appealing eyes of Alice upon him.

"We do not need your protection, Mr. Arthur, nor do we desire it—Alice, my servants, and myself," Mrs. Bowles proceeds to observe in her coldest and most measured manner. "Were there no one else, Rutledge Bowles being absent, Mr. Neely has kindly sent word that, as soon as he has secured his negroes and other property, he will endeavor to call. I think that was the substance of his note, Alice, my dear?"

"Mrs. Sorel and myself thought—"

"I am aware that the enemy which has desolated other parts of our country is expected," continues Mrs. Bowles, still more measuredly. "Excuse my interrupting you, Sir. I am perfectly informed also of the outrages and atrocities to which we may and probably will be subjected by them. It is not impossible but they have heard of my son, Rutledge Bowles, and may seek to visit vengeance on Alice and myself on that account. Nor will the place of my known birth be a protection to me, nor my known horror of the flag they bear, nor my unspeakable aversion to their country—"

"Dear mother," begins Alice.

"Permit me, Alice. I admired your spirit in sending word, as you did, to Mr. Neely that we would not need his presence. Alice will tell you also that we do not need yours, Mr. Arthur. You will pardon me. Alice and myself are prepared to suffer whatever the fiendish foe may see fit to inflict—to lay down our poor lives, if need be, on the altar of our country. We are quite poor now. They will find but little to rob us of. My husband—Major Bowles's portrait I have already caused to be removed." Sure enough, their visitor, who had missed something, he could not tell what, from the room from the time he entered, glances over the mantle, and sees only a blank space where lately the grand old Major used to sit enthroned.

"You *must* permit me to add, Sir," continues Mrs. Bowles, dignified as ever, but excited by her own words, "that of all the gentlemen in this community you are the last I would look to for protection. Passive as you have been, to use no harsher phrase, in this the struggle for the land of your own birth, withholding even your prayers for its success, associating exclusively with, and encouraging to your utmost, those in our midst who are traitors to their country, vipers upon its hearth—hush, Alice, you will permit me to speak in my own house—you, Sir, are the last man in the world to whom I would wish, above all, whom I would have Alice my daughter to look to for protection. Though he has been at one time even insolent, I would prefer my—the boy Charles, who was once my servant, as a protector. That you are here now, instead of at Mrs. Sorel's, is the result, I presume, of secret communication with the enemy. Besides"—all in a quiver from head to foot, her hand wandering about her brow.

"You *must* permit me, Madam," interrupts

THE HANDKERCHIEF AND THE FIST.

Mr. Arthur, quite conscious of Alice's eyes in mute entreaty, not without color in his cheeks, but never speaking in sick chamber or to dying friend in gentler tones, "to withdraw my request. I should not have intruded. I will do so no more. I trust you will one day do me more justice."

With a bow to the ladies in leaving, carefully avoiding Alice's face with his eyes, yet reading more meaning in them none the less than ever before in his life, the visitor is gone. And Alice, though she never looks out at the window during the rest of the night, is perfectly aware, amidst all the noise of wheels and hoofs and feet, that Mr. Arthur is keeping watch and ward about them.

"I have ever esteemed Mr. Arthur a gentleman; I have often wished Rutledge Bowles could have known him; but that he should have pursued the course he has amazes me. Mrs. Sorel, too, positively bewilders me. And I am told that Mr. Brooks is actually a Colonel in the Federal forces. It can be nothing," said Mrs. Bowles, with her hand to her head, "but insanity, raving insanity. Either they are deranged"—her hand wandering about her brow—"or I am," added she, with the use of the strongest metaphor in her knowledge. "As I have told you a thousand times, Alice, my dear, I wish you to have no farther acquaintance with this Mr. Arthur. You have known him for years, but I wish you always to class him in your mind with Benedict Arnold—remember, dear."

But Alice is thinking, by some strange coincidence, of the night of the insurrection—how they three sat up together on the front porch all night waiting for what did not, like millions of other things expected in Somerville, take place at last.

And so the night wears away, neither mother nor daughter caring to lie down. Mrs. Bowles, poor lady! at one and the same instant blaming herself severely for having spoken so to Mr. Arthur, and regretting that she has not been even more bitter to him; wondering that persons like Mrs. Sorel and her late visitor—so good and calm and firm heretofore—so calm and firm and gentle now—wondering, wondering! And Alice, too, so silent and quiet.

And so she comes back with a start to the fact that the Federals are coming, and that she must meet them with the dignity and quiet scorn which behooves South Carolina when Yankees are in question.

And Alice? Conscious all along of Mr. Arthur keeping watch around the place; now glowing with her mother in heroic resolve; now mourning that it is such things as Secession and Slavery that we must be heroic about; imagining to herself one Great Republic rending these twin curses out of its bosom, and lifting itself free, strong, one People henceforth! But it is we, the South, who are being whipped, subjugated. And so she wanders about in the same brambly, marshy, darksome theme, treading in thought now to the right, now to the left, as upon tufts of turf in a morass, upon the innumerable yeas and nays of the matter, but with firmer foot, in straighter course than before, not unconscious of broadening light ahead.

Had it actually been Colonel Brooks himself Mrs. Sorel would have been less surprised than she was when Brother Barker, not two hours after Mr. Arthur's leaving, presents himself before her, after most violent protestations on the part of old Cuff at the front gate and along the walk—even Cuff scenting trouble abroad tonight, and vigilant accordingly.

"Ah, Sister Sorel!"—and he has her hand in his before she can believe her eyes—"hope you are well? And the family too? And this is your little boy, Robby, I believe!" Retaining Mrs. Sorel's hand with his right, he takes Robby's with his left, and so establishes double *rapport* with the household.

"What a fine little fellow—sober as a judge! The truth is"—another shake of both the hands in his own—"I met Brother Arthur in town, and have returned his horse for him. Please have him put up; and it would be well to tell your servant—how are you, girl?—not to let the boy give him too much corn. Mr. Arthur rode him rather violently." Another shake of the hand for both, and releasing them. Then the visitor, placing his hat upon the table, takes a seat, and adds: "From long experience, Sister Sorel, I have learned never to feed a horse when too warm. All are well, you say? Pleased to hear it. Excuse you a moment?—certainly."

For it is Mrs. Sorel's first thought to have Robby out of the room, and impress upon his youthful mind these two things: First, not to mention the strange message given him; nor to allude to it in any way.

"Why, mother, do you think I don't know?" says Robby, with as much indignation as is consistent with respect.

"Yes, mother," to the next injunction—to be polite to their new visitor, and to keep silence generally. "But the best way is for me to go to bed." Which, with a kiss to his mother, he forthwith does.

Immediately on her re-entering the room, her emotions, singularly like those of Mrs. Bowles with her visitor, Brother Barker informs her where he met and left Mr. Arthur—for whom, it seems, from words and tones of voice, the newcomer has an affection rather more than merely fraternal. And so, with briefest possible allusion to the expected raid, Mr. Barker requests and obtains a bed—Mr. Arthur's—for the night.

"In case any armed men should visit the house during the night"—he lingers behind with his candle to say to his hostess, who has hardly opened her lips—"I know you will not mention the fact of my being concealed here. As a minister of the Gospel, Sister Sorel, an humble preacher of peace, I desire to hold myself utterly aloof from all scenes of violence and strife. My life is in your hands, my sister; but I am not a Sisera, I am pleased to say, nor are you a murderous Jael."

Nor does the sudden guest, over "the dish of butter and milk," furnished him by his harmless Jael next morning—the night having passed without event, save the uninterrupted barking of Cuff, assisted by all the other dogs on the place, at the perpetual passing of travelers—have any thing to say except to dwell upon the horrors of war in general, the absolute inconsistency of the same with Christianity. The eyes of Brother Barker, sunken as by long illness, to say nothing of sallowness of visage, show how little sleep he has found that night in Mr. Arthur's bed. However, we were all of us wide awake that night in Somerville.

Robby, with lips visibly sealed, places the Bible upon the table after breakfast is over, from force of invariable habit; the decent servants gather in as usual; Mrs. Sorel, with fewest words, requests their guest to take Mr. Arthur's place, and lead in worship.

"We will omit singing, if you please," says Brother Barker, after reading the first Scripture which comes up; "my voice might attract—ahem. Let us pray." And having prayed for every possible blessing upon that particular household, with general supplications for delivery from war, Mr. Barker hastens through that exercise.

"If it is not too great a favor, Sister Sorel: if you will give your servants some charge to keep silence: if you will allow me to occupy Brother Arthur's room for the present—I observe it to be his by the books there—I will be obliged." And the guest disappears within that room, the curtains of which he has carefully put down, but appears again at the sound of a galloping along the road.

"Sister Sorel," he says, bending, with ashy face, over that silent lady as she sits at the table washing up the cups and saucers, "I have reason to know that my life is in great danger; even now the foe may be on my track. I am—am"—the galloping outside louder and louder—"not a soldier, I am"—white lips and trembling voice and sallowest of faces—"a poor, humble preacher of the blessed Gospel of peace. My life is in your hands, my blood will be upon your skirts."

"Mr. Barker, go to Mr. Arthur's room and remain there. Any thing an old woman may be able to do for you I will do. You have no cause of apprehension."

And in his room Brother Barker remains, trying to read, trying to pray, tucking the curtains so as to conceal himself from any one passing, listening, trembling, enduring such agonies of fear as waste him like a spell of sickness.

Mrs. Warner, peeping forth that morning, finds the Federals in quiet possession of Somerville. We can not be mathematically accurate, but Mrs. Warner has said, a very great number of times, that she only wished the entire Yankee nation had one neck that she might break it; one throat that she might cut it; one heart that she "might drive *this*," holding up the knife wherewith she is carving at table as she speaks, into their heart to the hilt. Touchstone's complete destruction, in words, of his foe; Dr. Slop's exhaustive curses upon the knots in the string of his bag; Romish anathema in full, so far as her knowledge of the language furnishes her with the words, her intellect with the thoughts, her imagination with the possibilities, her heart with the zeal, has Mrs. Warner long ago equaled in imprecation upon the Federals. No Mrs. Partington has ever swept away the Atlantic more vigorously, in anticipation, than has Mrs. Warner; yet now that it is actually over her threshold the mop fails her wearied hand. She has so exhausted herself before their arrival that she can scarce even feel any thing, except curiosity, now they have actually come. Probably this is the reason why she does not burn her house now, as she has so often said she would do. She has ample opportunity of shooting at them from her windows, she has almost sworn she would, yet she merely peeps at them instead.

Friday night they take possession. All Saturday and Sunday they are in possession. Not one male Secessionist visible. Union men quiet as mice. Guy Brooks need have sent no message to that effect.

The stores are all closed. Somerville has long ago learned to do that when even Confederate soldiers are in the neighborhood. Over and over again have squads, half-naked, two-thirds starved, four-fourths desperate, helped themselves from the stores in Somerville to exactly what they wanted, a good deal more than they could consume. It shocked us terribly at first, but Mr. Ellis and the rest of us have become used to it. Only three days before the raid of the Federals, Mr. Ellis was speaking of it to Colonel Ret Roberts in his store, on a visit to his family from his duties in Richmond.

"Three times, Sir," said Mr. Ellis to that distinguished Senator, "has my store been sacked by ruffian soldiers."

"And very probably will be a dozen times again," said the Colonel, very coolly indeed. If Colonel Ret Roberts was a splendid blackguard, a brilliant bully, an eloquent, unprincipled, thoroughly plain-spoken scoundrel before the schooling of the last few years, tell us, oh whichever of ye daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne is the Muse of History, what Colonel Ret Roberts is now!

"And my taxes!" says Mr. Ellis; "look at it, Sir. I pay two and a half per cent. on my sales every three months; one per cent. more for soldiers' tax, five per cent. on all real estate; eight per cent. on all the wool, tobacco, cotton I had on hand in '63; ten per cent. on profit on sales. Let me see! Yes, I am taxed as a retail merchant, taxed over again as a wholesale merchant. And all this while my Corporation, County, State taxes are at least one hundred per cent. heavier than they were before the war."

"Certainly. But you may rest sure the taxes now are nothing to what they will be next year," says Colonel Ret Roberts, as coolly as if stating a desirable fact, with a sort of pleasure even.

"But have you nothing encouraging to tell us?" asks Mr. Ellis, nervously. "Your opportunities at Richmond—"

"I know nothing but what you read in the papers," remarks the Senator, elaborately paring his finger-nails. "You have heard me from the stump, Sir. If you people at home will sustain the currency, the South will succeed. If you do not, it won't. You know as well as I whether they will sustain it. We are *in* this thing; all we can do is to—do what we can. Hold on, Lamum!" to that editor, who is passing, and the distinguished Senator is gone.

An exceeding, scarcely disguised, contempt Colonel Ret Roberts had for the people before Secession; his contempt now is so great that it is not at all disguised. He is elected for years to the Confederate Senate, entirely beyond the favor of the people. They stand so astounded by his cool insolence in public and private that he has left again for Richmond before they have time to recover themselves.

And Sabbath dawns upon Somerville still in Federal occupation, the quietness of death upon the population peeping from behind doors and shutters upon the Federal cavalry passing and repassing. After full conference with friends, a Federal chaplain desecrating Brother Barker's pulpit, the only church beside his own in Somerville open that day, Mr. Arthur fills his own pulpit, his sermons being exactly the same they would have been had there been no raid. Quite a large congregation too, to Mr. Arthur's surprise; almost all ladies. Mr. Ferguson sings bass, as grave and cold in manner as if war were confined to the Crimea and like distant regions. And the Federal officers and men, whom the ladies came to see, are there, quiet, orderly.

"Nothing remarkable at last, every thing exactly as usual," Mrs. Warner, at church for the first time in many months, remarks, as she and the Doctor walk home. And, beside a little abuse of the men who have tamely permitted the Yankees to come here, Mrs. Warner is strikingly silent to-day.

"If I knew Colonel Brooks was not coming to church I wouldn't have gone, I can tell you. Have you seen him yet, Dr. Warner? Mighty shy you Union people are of your Federal friends, and they of you! As if I don't know the reason why. You all had better be, I tell you; if all our men are gone—miserable cowards that they are!—there's plenty of women left in Somerville to watch you. Did you notice that fat Mrs. Isaac Smith at church, she whose husband has gone over to the Yankees? I watched at her sitting there on a side-seat near the pulpit expressly to look at those Federal wretches, looking wistfully at them—expected to see her husband among them, I suppose. As I live, there she is this moment going into that Jem Budd—even 'Ria could tell what *that* is for!"

It was true. Mrs. Isaac Smith had never made a visit since her husband fled. She has only a general invitation made her years before by poor, pale little Mrs. Budd, the gun-maker's wife; yet there she is this moment, in Sunday finery long laid aside, entering the door in question. Sharp Mrs. Warner sees it all at a glance. Jem Budd's little one-story house is right on the most public street in Somerville; its front porch is as good a place as any in the town to see all that can be seen of the Federal troops.

Besides, Jem Budd and Jem Budd's harmless little wife belong not only to the one side of the great question which rends Somerville asunder but also to the other. Secessionists say of Jem: "Oh! Jem Budd is a quiet sort of fellow, but he is all right at heart. He doesn't talk much, but he has said this, that, and the other exceedingly severe things about the Yankees, and especially about the Union people. And then Alfred Morgan, Mrs. Budd's brother, who left for the war years ago, we all know that he is a good Secessionist, in dangerous and efficient service for the Confederacy in the North. Jem doesn't say much about it, but he has shown letters from Alf to that effect. Oh, Jem is all right!"

"You can't change a man's nature," Union people say to each other of Jem Budd. "Of course it's his interest to keep well with the faithful; it's the only way to hold his detail to fix guns and stay out of the army. As to Alf Morgan, Jem can't help *that*. But we all know Jem. He's told me in confidence a thousand times a vast deal about the madness of Secession." There were disadvantages in Jem's course. Neither party were thoroughly cordial with him. Besides, for Jem is making money these weapon-using days, he can not refuse to give when called on to assist Union families suffering for the necessaries of life in the absence of their husbands. Far more impossible to refuse his mite when called on, as he is about every other week, to contribute to some war purpose or other. He has to pay for his position, but he holds it and his tongue quietly, firmly.

"I took a lunch just before coming to church, ma'am; please excuse me. But you know my house is out of the way, and I am dying to see the Federals. If you have no objection," Mrs. Isaac Smith says to little pale Mrs. Budd, who lives in her own house as closely as a snail, and keeps no servant, and who, a good deal astonished at the apparition of stout Mrs. Smith, whom she has not seen for so long, invites her from the parlor in to dinner.

It is all very well when, dinner over, Jem Budd smoking his pipe in one corner of the fire-place for the convenience of spitting, Mrs. Budd opposite him in her easy-chair, Mrs. Isaac Smith filling with her portly person the chasm between, the three fall into a quiet, confidential chat. At least Mrs. Isaac Smith, greatly freshened up by the blue shirts she has seen at church, talks, and the others listen.

First, she tells all she has seen and heard at church, for Mr. and Mrs. Budd haven't entered any church for years now; Jem Budd, a member of Brother Barker's church, too. Next, Mrs. Isaac Smith, by natural transition, speaks of Mr. Arthur; to all of which, Jem Budd, on one side, saying "Exactly" when Mrs. S. appeals to him; pale little Mrs. Budd, on the other side, says, when she is appealed to, "Just so, ma'am." By natural transition, too, Brother Barker is next on the carpet. Mrs. Isaac Smith waxes warmer as she recounts some of that divine's violent remarks in and out of the pulpit. To this, also, Mr. Budd, when directly appealed to for his sentiments, says "Precisely," and Mrs. Budd, "Just as you say, ma'am." Next, Mrs. Isaac Smith asks in general terms after Mrs. Budd's absent brother. She has heard what a bitter Secessionist Alf Morgan is; how actively and terribly at work for the Confederacy he is at the North. So she asks after him as under a sort of protest. At the North somewhere, and well, when last heard from, is all Jem and his wife can inform her on that point.

Her entire being, day and night, flowing in one channel, her husband who is away, Mrs. S. tells for the ten thousandth time that Isaac would never have left if it wasn't they were forcing him into the army. Isaac has his faults—who of us has not? Isaac is a peaceful man—didn't want to fight on either side if he could help it. But Isaac could *not* fight for what he believed to be a wicked—rebellion. Mrs. S. rather hesitates before bringing out this last word, but Mrs. Budd only replies, "As you say, ma'am," while her husband merely puffs another cloud of smoke, and adds, to the tearful eyes of Mrs. Isaac directed to him, "Exactly so."

Like other large bodies broad Mrs. Smith does not easily get started; but once started, momentum being in proportion to weight, it is very hard for her to stop.

"Of course you have heard of how they murdered my brother John Jennings?" she asks of Mrs. Budd.

"Goodness gracious, what's that?" she adds in the same breath.

"That? What?" asks Jem, nervously, while poor Mrs. Budd is several degrees paler than before.

"Ha! must have been mistaken, of course; thought I heard somebody under the floor. But I am so nervous!" says Mrs. Smith.

"Thought you heard somebody under the floor!" and Mr. Budd exclaims this in singularly loud tones, as if addressed to some one at a distance, and resumes his pipe.

"Your brother, ma'am? there are so many murdered, you know, one can not remember exactly," says pale, little Mrs. Budd, eagerly, quickened a good deal by the overflowing warmth of her visitor by this time. Mr. Budd smokes with inquiring puffs. And so Mrs. Smith enters on the murder, describes it minutely, tells the destitute condition of the family left—all with such a natural eloquence that even stolid Jem Budd is affected. So much so that when Mrs. Smith says at last, suddenly, "You knew John Jennings well, Mr. Budd; you know I've only told you the truth; now what *do* you think of a cause which permits, even justifies such a thing as that?" Mr. Budd removes the pipe from his mouth and begins:

"So sure as there is a God in heaven, ma'am—"

"Jem! My dear?" interrupts his wife from the other side with a cry, and holding up a warning hand.

And well it is for Mr. Budd. Though his wife does not know it, there is a tap upon the door, and in walks—of all persons in the world—Mrs. Smithers.

Mrs. Smithers! We write the word reluctantly, knowing how hopeless it is to portray her upon the page. Let us see what our recording that she was a very tall, a very long and red in the face, a very violent female in temper and language will do. Mrs. Smithers's brothers are known, all six of them, as desperadoes who have long ago killed their men. Mrs. Smithers is said to be a good shot with rifle, double-barrel shot-gun, revolver. The way Mrs. Smithers is known, with her own bony hands, to cowhide her erring negro women, has wakened even Mrs. Warner's reprobation. Her nearest neighbors are exceeding respectful to, and shy of, Mrs. Smithers, not knowing what instant a chicken from their yard into her garden, or a quarrel between her children and theirs, may bring her down upon them with some deadly weapon, or more deadly tongue. As to her having hurled, in a paroxysm of rage, that negro babe which *would* keep crawling in upon her recently-scoured floor, down the hill back of the house, we reject all that story of course, knowing, as we all do, that negro testimony is no evidence.

But we knew we could convey no adequate idea of Mrs. Smithers, the postmaster's wife, when we began. Mr. Jem Budd had such an idea, however, and the instant she entered the room he uttered a "Whew!" none the less intense from being altogether internal. Publicly, meeting them on the street, had Mrs. Smithers refused and resented the salutation of more than one Union man of her previous acquaintance. The Union ladies, met by her casually in stores and at funerals, she had not contented herself with refusing to speak to, but had looked at them in a way which had sent more than one of them from shopping and visiting home and to bed. Being of a fighting stock, Mrs. Smithers was true to the breed—even her brothers, with many an oath, admitted that.

As Mrs. Smithers entered, offensively ignored the existence of Mrs. Isaac Smith, and took the hand and the seat which poor, pale little Mrs.

Budd offered her, Mr. Budd saluted her and withdrew; remembered in the hall the feeble state of his wife's health and returned; really could not risk it, when back in the parlor, and retired; feared, when half-way out of his front gate, that his wife might faint, perhaps die, and so returned again. He has an inspiration, he will effect a diversion.

"Bad news I hear this morning," he begins, after the usual salutations are over—Mrs. Isaac Smith will not, Mrs. Budd can not speak, nothing left for him. As the husband of his wife, the head of the household, the only chance is to keep the conversation in his own hand till one of the visitors shall depart—any subject on earth rather than of the Federals just arrived.

"What news is that, Mr. Budd?" asks Mrs. Smithers, reserving, "It's a lie," in the corners of her eyes and upon the tip of her tongue.

And having mentioned it simply that, being uppermost in his mind, it came first in the hurry of being compelled to say something instantly, Mr. Jem Budd narrates the fact of the suicide of the District Judge of a Southern State. Nor had Mr. Ferguson been so interested in the occupation of Somerville as not, that very day, to have entered the same in his Scrap-book. Had he not foretold it?

"Drunk or crazy," is the verdict of Mrs. Smithers, relieved to know it is only that.

Jem Budd, toiling more vigorously for another topic than he ever does upon gun-lock or barrel, stumbles upon the case of the refugees. Tells how they are pouring into the region about Somerville; how poor they are, how sorry they all seem to be that they ever abandoned their old homes; thinks it a great shame people should receive them so coldly.

"Serve them right. Why didn't they stay where they were and fight the Yankees?" is Mrs. Smithers's opinion, who gives only half attention to her host, casting about in her mind how best and soonest to assault Mrs. Isaac Smith.

"Have you noticed, Mr. Budd," asks Mrs. Isaac Smith, advancing her skirmishers, "how all the papers agree about the swindling going on by Government officials? Every single paper! Charges made by judges, findings by grand juries and by little juries, every body knows it, universal corruption and swindling. From the highest to the lowest, all the officials at it, the papers say." Because the lady speaking has heard very often of the remarks made in reference to herself by the tigress at her side—infinitely more than that, the very often expressed wish of Mrs. Smithers has come to her ears, to hang that red-headed painter, Smith, abolitionist and traitor, with her own hands. Nor does the least doubt linger in the mind of any of Mrs. Smithers's circle of friends but she would do just that thing if she had but the chance.

"I have noticed it, ma'am," says sorely-perplexed Mr. Budd, "but have thought"—with special reference to Mrs. Smithers—"our papers ought not to publish such things at this time."

"I suppose you notice, Mrs. Budd, how sick even the Yankees are, from their own papers, with that vile Lincoln? All we have to do is to keep whipping them till his term is out; they'll be only too glad to make peace with us then, if they don't have a revolution among themselves before that," says Mrs. Smithers.

Mr. and Mrs. Budd retaining their seats on opposite corners of the fire-place, the two visitors between them, Mrs. Isaac Smith being next to Mrs. Budd, Mrs. Smithers to Mr. Budd; Mrs. Smith having addressed her remarks in reference to the refugees across Mrs. Smithers to Mr. Budd, in contempt of that lady, Mrs. Smithers addresses, of course, her conversation across portly Mrs. Smith, and in utter ignorance of her existence, to Mrs. Budd. Conversation *will* become platted together in this way, even in ordinary times and under friendly auspices all around. Even then it is hard at times for the couples thus engaged to keep their threads of talk untangled. It is peculiarly difficult to-day in Jem Budd's parlor.

"As you say, ma'am," pale little Mrs. Budd replies, across Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Smithers.

"But isn't it strange, Mr. Budd, people won't take Confederate money? It's the most miserable trash, no better than brown paper!" says Mrs. Smith, across Mrs. Smithers.

—"and they actually force the miserable people to take their greenbacks at the point of the bayonet!" continues Mrs. Smithers to Mrs. Budd, heating with indignation at Mr. Budd's bare "Precisely, ma'am," in reply to *his* interlocutor, disregarding the "So I've heard, ma'am," which she gets from hers.

—"could hardly believe what I hear every day of how poor people are getting among us. A good many can't send their children to Sabbath-school, nor day-school either, for want of clothes. Can't even put their foot out of their own yard themselves. What a terrible condition we are—"

—"universal infidelity there now, ma'am," from Mrs. Smithers, drowns Mr. Budd's "'Tis, indeed!"

—"that, of course, is worse. Backsliding? Worse than that, Mr. Budd! Open gambling, drinking, swearing, stealing, and worse. The preachers themselves—"

—"can you wonder at it? Only wonder, ma'am, is they haven't left, all of them long ago, wretched traitors to their country! Anxious to leave! *I'd* help them in a shorter way than they ever—". But Mrs. Smithers's remark only lies across, by no means extinguishes.

—"because the Union people among us know the awful times which are coming. I'm told, Mr. Budd, the people driven off are sworn to kill every—" from Mrs. Isaac Smith, while the "As you say, ma'am," from Mr. Budd and the "I fear so, indeed," from Mrs. Budd are made no account of by either belligerent as the strife grows hotter.

—"even to the last drop of our blood, ma'am, and if the war should last ten thousand—"

—"said it was kept up only by the women, and especially the Secession preachers at home. The army is sick enough of it, you may be sure. Why, Mr. Budd, I got a letter, I mean a person told me—"

—"for of all things in this world, ma'am, a traitor to one's own soil they were born on, and a she-traitor is a thing I do—"

—"always so, Mr. Budd. Yankee Secessionists are the craziest, just as Yankee masters and mistresses are the hardest upon their poor negroes."

The conversation becomes more tangled as it becomes more personal.

Mr. Budd has firm hold of the pipe between his teeth, long since gone out, and only repeats his "Precisely so, Exactly, ma'am," from mechanical habit. Poor, pale, little rabbit of a Mrs. Budd, with firm hold upon the arms of her easy-chair, fascinated by Mrs. Smithers's terrible eye, no more hears what that fiery visaged lady says than if she was deaf, only is conscious of a steady rattle of words, and gasps her affirmatives at regular intervals.

But the conversation becomes more closely welded together as it heats.

"Quantrel."

"Beast Butler."

"Wretched Repudiator."

"Despicable Gorilla."

"Who wouldn't get fat as a beef, ma'am, when one is rid of a drunken husband?"

"Six, Mr. Budd, six brothers, murderers."

"Used to lie dead drunk, ma'am."

"Has swindled with sugar speculations until—"

"Abolitionist, who ought to be."

"Actually whipped her, Mr. Budd, until the bones—"

Mr. Budd closes his teeth harder on his pipe-stem, Mrs. Budd clutches firmer hold of the arms of her chair, the catastrophe *must* be near—

A long clear bugle blast out of doors! Mr. Jem Budd sees his only hope.

"The Federal cavalry, ladies!" and hurries out of his front-door, in a manner washing with extended arms his angry visitors before him upon the front porch, leaving Mrs. Budd utterly exhausted in her easy-chair behind. And if the company had not made so much noise and been in so great haste in leaving the room they would have heard a distinct sound from beneath the floor upon which they were. It may have been a mouse or a bat. It did not sound like hog or dog. Perhaps a parrot had made his hole there, for it sounded exactly like the words "Good! Thank God!" What makes it strangest of all is, that Mrs. Budd, the instant she is alone, is on her knees on the floor, and, with white cheeks, says in low, sharp tones, "For God's sake, Alf, be quiet," her lips almost touching the carpet.

The Federal cavalry coming up the street at a slow walk, and so very many, apparently, rough, bearded, powerful-looking men, too; moving in much more of a military manner than such Confederate soldiers as we have seen. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Smithers stand, side by side, upon the elevated porch, both thrilling with deepest feeling, but of quite a different nature. Guy Brooks—erect, sad-visaged, more powerful in appearance than ever—rides slowly and at the head of the column. As he approaches, his eye catches that of Mrs. Isaac Smith. So far he has carefully avoided speaking to any of the Union people, for the best of reasons. There is something in her broad, earnest face, something so wistful in her eyes, that he forgets himself, and salutes her. Just a scarce-perceptible lifting of the forefinger of the gauntleted hand to the cap.

It is the drop too much. Bless you! Mrs. Isaac Smith has not been in the School of Prudence all these years since Isaac left, for nothing. She had resolved to be prudent before she left home; she had told Sarah Jennings over and over again, "Oh, I'll be careful, Sarah, you never fear." She had even made a special prayer, kneeling by her bed that morning, after she had put on her best bonnet and all, that she might be prudent. But perhaps her late engagement with Mrs. Smithers has "overhet" her, as she afterward explains the matter. As Colonel Brooks touches his hat she rushes back into the parlor, snatches from prostrate Mrs. Budd her handkerchief—she had left her own, to avoid the temptation, at home—and, standing beside Mrs. Smithers, waves it to the Federals, continues waving it vehemently!—the tears running copiously down her unconscious cheeks.

But if she waves her handkerchief at the Federals, Mrs. Smithers, advancing to the extreme edge of the porch, shakes her fist at them; a long arm has tall, red, hard-featured Mrs. Smithers, and a fist that has knocked many a negro child over, as well as her own, for that matter. Handkerchief and fist so energetically flourished, side by side, send a peal of laughter down the column—even Guy Brooks laughs outright.

But Mrs. Smith has bid farewell to her wits.

"They've murdered Hol Robbins, Mr. Brooks! they've hung John Jennings! you knew him, Mr. Brooks—old John Jennings, my own brother! For God's sake don't march away and leave us!" she cries, with the cry of anguish peculiar to a woman beside, say, a drowning child. Handkerchief hard at work.

"Tut-traitor! Tut-traitor! Tut-traitor!" screams Mrs. Smithers, with the yell of fury peculiar to a furious female in her fiercest fury, fist shaken almost to dislocation.

"May God bless you!" cries Mrs. Isaac Smith, her entire soul as well as body in each separate word.

"May the devil—" But the rest of Mrs. Smithers's wish, though in the highest and shrillest of screams, is drowned in the cheer for Mrs. Smith, which rings once again, again, down the column, every man of whom by this time enters into the spirit of the thing.

It is full half an hour after both their lady visitors are gone that Jem and his wife can realize it all.

"That it should have taken place of all the houses in Somerville at *my* house!" said Jem Budd to himself over and over and over again; "and when I've worked so *hard* ever since the thing began to keep well with both sides. It is too bad!"

Mrs. Budd has long since gone to bed seriously ill.

"But I don't blame her a bit, not one bit either," adds Jem just as often, strictly to himself however, glancing around even then to be sure no one is by, though it is midnight, and Jem is in his own chamber. His reference is to Mrs. Isaac Smith.

He then falls upon his knees, although not, it would seem, for devotional purposes. With his lips to the floor he says,

"Had plenty of supper, Alf?"

"Plenty, Jem," from below. It *must* be a parrot.

"Good-night, old fellow! Fun, wasn't it?"

"Guess it was. Good-night!" from below again.

"Remind me, Mr. Smithers, to take my Derringer with me whenever I go out," says Mrs. Smithers to her husband that night in conclusion. "If ever I meet that woman I'll spit in her round old moon of a face, as sure as my name is Araminty. If she says a word to that, I'll put a bullet just as deep into her old carcass as the Derringer can carry!"

"Needn't talk to me, Sarah Jennings, child. I didn't intend it when I went to church this morning. I couldn't help it. And, what is more, I don't care one single cent. Let them hang me if they want to, like they hung your pa. It's in a good cause, God knows. I'm tired of my life any way, Isaac gone so long. Humph, but only let *her* try it! But oh, won't we settle with these people when the old flag is here again for good! Not that I want their life; may the Lord forgive me, no!"

As to Mr. Ferguson, when, on Monday morning, he lugs out the Scrap-book from its Sabbath rest in the iron safe, to the bulletin of the arrival of the Federals on the previous Friday night he has to add their leaving during Sunday night. It is a week or two before he can make an accurate statement of the number of negroes and Confederate stores they have taken away with them. One thing he knows, grim and silent during the whole raid as the Sphinx at midnight—no one can touch him for it; not a word, gesture, wink to found any thing upon.

But it seemed strange to Robby, riding a week after upon his pony past Staples's Hotel, to hear the way in which Dr. Peel, absent on pressing business from Somerville a fortnight now, curses the Federals, and Guy Brooks especially. Yet Robby only seals his sober face into still more sober silence, and rides about his errand, earnestly hoping he may not have to engage in another fight this time.

And so Somerville gets past *that* point in its history.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMIDST the many caprices of the fickle goddess of Fashion it would be strange if she did not sometimes, by chance, light upon some vagary, by which she commends herself to the hearts (*alias* pockets) of husbands and fathers, even more than to her especial votaries—the ladies. For the "lords of creation" have learned by *dear* experience that "The fashion doth wear out more apparel than the *man*," Shakspeare has it; but they regard the latter word as a mere misprint for "*woman*." It will therefore undoubtedly be a prospective comfort to those much-abused pockets before mentioned, to know that it appears to be the sudden desire of the leaders of Fashion in Paris to adopt the greatest simplicity in all things appertaining to their toilets. Many members of aristocratic circles regret that they have spent such fabulous sums of money on the tinsel ornaments and dresses which were popular during the past winter, and with repentance comes the wise resolve to cast aside such costly luxuries, and to dress elegantly without any large outlay. How long-lived this resolution may be, is uncertain; but it is said that a very striking change apparent in the toilets of those ladies whose dress is certain to be a subject of comment whenever they appear in public. A certain princess, who, in Paris, goes by the name of the Charming Queen of Fashion, is now to be seen in the simplest toilets, such as a very plain untrimmed mohair or poplin jacket and skirt, the latter looped up over either a blue or mauve silk petticoat. Whether those *below* the rank of princesses are permitted to adopt a like simple style is not stated. We may infer that it will be allowed from the fact that at the present season preference is given to white, either for home or ball dresses; and that these white dresses are to be trimmed with "elegant simplicity." Beyond this—we sympathize with the aforesaid pockets, while truth compels us to be frank—there has come from across the waters no positive proof that the "simple style" has reached its *height*. On the contrary, we find it stated that walking-dresses are made of gay-colored silks, and are embroidered with steel. These embroideries represent dogs and horses' heads, and upon cerise silk (a favorite color just now) they are brilliant enough. Another toilet consists of a silver-gray *grain royal* dress, the sole ornaments on the skirt being silver buttons of open filigree work, and round the peplum a handsome silk fringe, with silver hanging buttons at the top of it, and a silver tassel at every point of the peplum. A very elegant robe is of white foulard, dotted over with blue or pink flowers, trimmed all up the skirt with rows of cluny guipure over colored ribbon put on in brandebourgs, and graduated in the length of the pieces. The casaque imitated with a band and ornaments of guipure, forming festoons. A white tulle dress *bouillonnée* round the lower half of the skirt; a low coat-bodice, made of straw-colored silk—the coat was vandyked, and the vandykes slashed together again with straw satin pipings; a deep flounce of *point d'Angleterre* was sewn all round the coat; a narrow *bouillonnée* of white tulle replaced the *berthe* round the shoulders. The head-dress was composed of flat gold braid, with camel on it.

It is also announced that the latest new Parisian bonnet is "in shape not unlike the barber's basin used in some of the comic operas; in other words, Don Quixote's helmet, stuck squarely on the top of the wearer's head, like the cover of a dinner-pot. It is fastened to its place by means of ribbons about as wide as your two hands, and tied under the chin, forming a gigantic bow, rather larger than the leaf of a moderate-sized dining-table." There is also, by way of variety, the inverted-breakfastplate style, trimmed with every thing and any thing, and two strings to hold it on; the round-vegetable-dishcover style, either with or without the little round button at the top; the fancy-work-basket style; the table-mat style—oval, and oblong, all trimmed and bedizened with glass, or straw, or jets, or birds, or feathers, or flowers; or all these put together.

Finally, it is reported that the fashionable women in Paris, not contented with wearing crinolines the springs of which are made of pure gold and silver, have now taken a fancy to boots with heels plated with the same precious metals.

New York ladies may be able to discover the "great simplicity" which threatens Paris in some of the above fashions.

The managers of the "New York Young Men's Christian Association"—earnest and accomplished young men, whose time and money have been freely given for the benefit of those less fortunate—are now endeavoring to increase their means for the purpose of erecting a building which will enable them to offer special attractions to the young men of this city. Their design includes a Lecture Room, Reading Room, Circulating and Reference Libraries, Conversation Rooms, a Gymnasium, and other means of recreation and advancement. Such a house could not fail to become a general place of resort. For its erection and endowment they ask the sum of $250,000. There are thousands of young men in our midst friendless, and in the true sense of the word homeless, who are thrown upon their own resources for recreation and the employment of their leisure time. Money could not be better employed than in providing attractive rooms, where healthful recreation, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., might be freely enjoyed by that large class, who only need a little sympathy and friendly guidance to make such a resort more truly congenial to them than are the haunts of vice and dissipation.

The Woodland Cemetery referred to in the item we gave our readers a few weeks ago concerning Philip Embury is in Cambridge, Washington County, New York. The removal of Embury's remains to that cemetery was made by order of the Troy Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which recently held its session at Cambridge.

The third Choral Festival, which took place at Irving Hall on last Saturday afternoon, attracted a large and appreciative audience. A choir of one hundred male voices, among whom are sixty of the finest boy-sopranos in America, produce a charming effect. The pure, fresh, young voices seem to have something celestial in them. Handel's chorus, "Then round about the starry throne," was enthusiastically received. "The Angel Trio," sung by three sopranos without accompaniment, as well as the aria, a solo, by Master Toedt—both selections from Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—were peculiarly beautiful. So also was the solo by Master Grandin, from Handel's "Messiah." Many other selections were effectively rendered; and the descriptive lecture on Cathedrals added to the interest of the whole performance.

If such choral festivals could be frequently repeated, so that not only mere musical amateurs could attend them, but the superintendents and teachers of Sabbath and Ward Schools, and also the children who are under their training, it would give a desirable impulse to the musical taste of our city. Many valuable ideas would thereby be gained which might be applied with great advantage in the cultivation of children's voices.

May is the farmer's hope-time—now he casts the seed into the fertilizing earth, with bright anticipations of the autumn harvest. He may sing with a glad heart the following lines, which, by-the-way, are not of very recent origin. For a Maine journal gives a description of a venerable relic of antiquity in the shape of an earthen pitcher seventy-five years old. And amidst the various emblematic representations of farming implements which adorned it is this stanza:

"Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendor and state;
I envy them not, I declare it.
I eat my own lamb,
My own chickens and ham;
I shear my own fleece and I wear it.
I have lawns, I have bowers,
I have fruits, I have flowers,
The lark is my morning alarmer.
So jolly boys, now,
Here's God speed the plow,
Long life and success to the farmer!"

Mr. George Peabody's gifts to Danvers, Massachusetts, his native town, and to the city of Baltimore, amount to the sum of $380,000, while his donations for the benefit of the poor of London swell up to the magnificent sum of £450,000 sterling. It is no small satisfaction that it is to an American that England is indebted for the greatest boon ever given to the poor of London.

A new style of announcing marriages seems to be fashionable at the South, as may be inferred from the following quotation from a North Carolina paper:

"By Dr. J. A. Sherrill, at twilight on Wednesday evening, February 28, 1866, in Catawba County, North Carolina, at the house of the bride's widowed mother, Mr. A. A. Gabrille to Miss Lizzie Milligan, after *a short but most delicious courtship*."

Somebody says, sentimentally perhaps—we leave the reader to judge—that

"The world buds every year,
But the heart just once; and when
The blossom falls off sere
No new blossom comes again."

If the term "*heart*" be used *generically* in this case, this statement is not susceptible of proof. If used *specifically* it may be true, since a poet of undoubted authority says of woman:

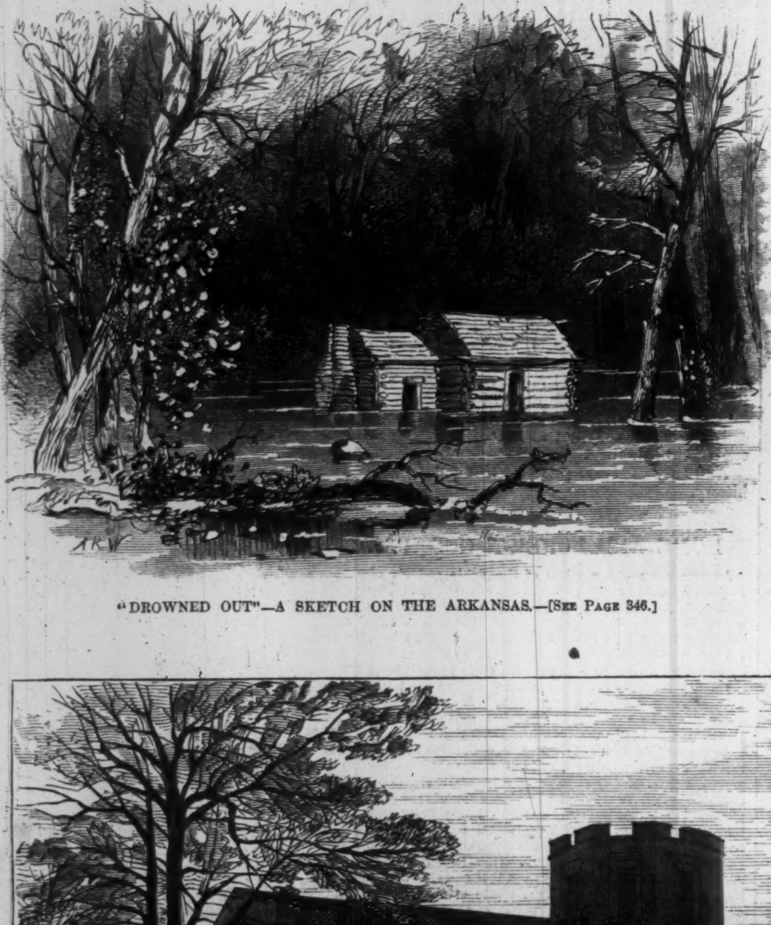
"No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves forever."

But certain it is that either the first statement is not *universally* true, or else the "heart" of a Michigan farmer, who recently lost his wife, had never *budded*. It seems that the wife died early in the morning. The farmer did not fancy being left alone in the world, and immediately decided to marry again. Hitching up his team, he takes in his servant-girl and goes to a neighboring village to buy garments for the dead. While there he married the girl, and returned to his home the same night with his second wife, so that, by actual count, he was not a widower twelve hours. The new wife appeared at the funeral the next day in deep black, and was one of the principal mourners over the body of the first wife.

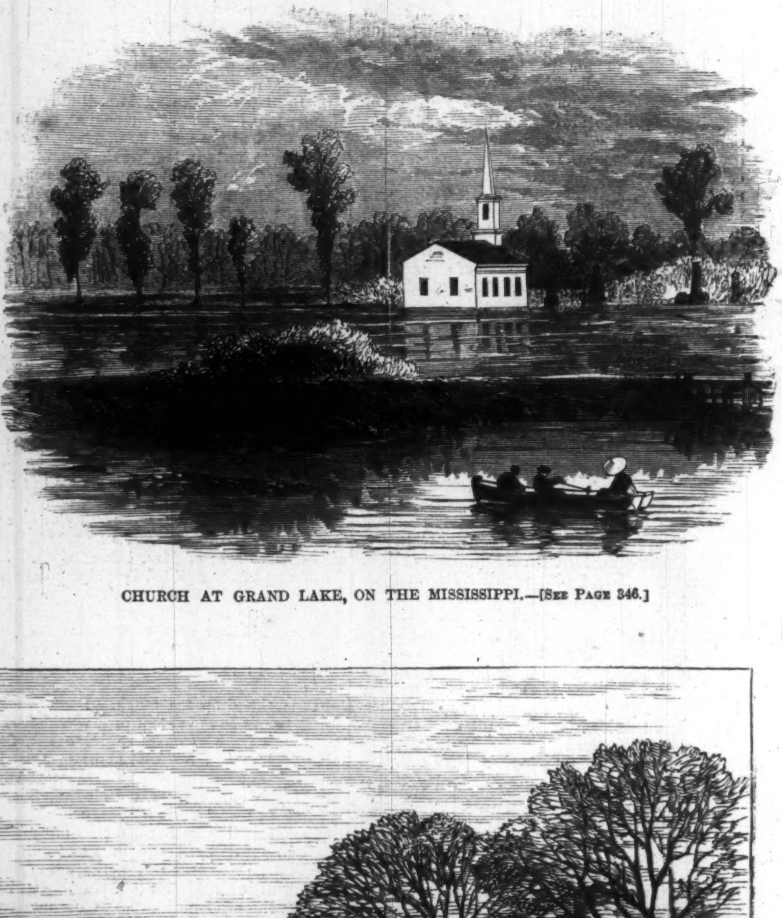
The pastor of a fashionable church pathetically says: "Two-thirds of the members of my church are honorary members. They don't come to prayer-meetings; they don't attend Sunday-school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are the passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on the books; they are honorary members."

It was rather a curious compliment which Voltaire paid to Mademoiselle de Livry, when he said of her to a friend: "She was so beautiful that I raised my long, thin body and stood before her like a point of admiration."

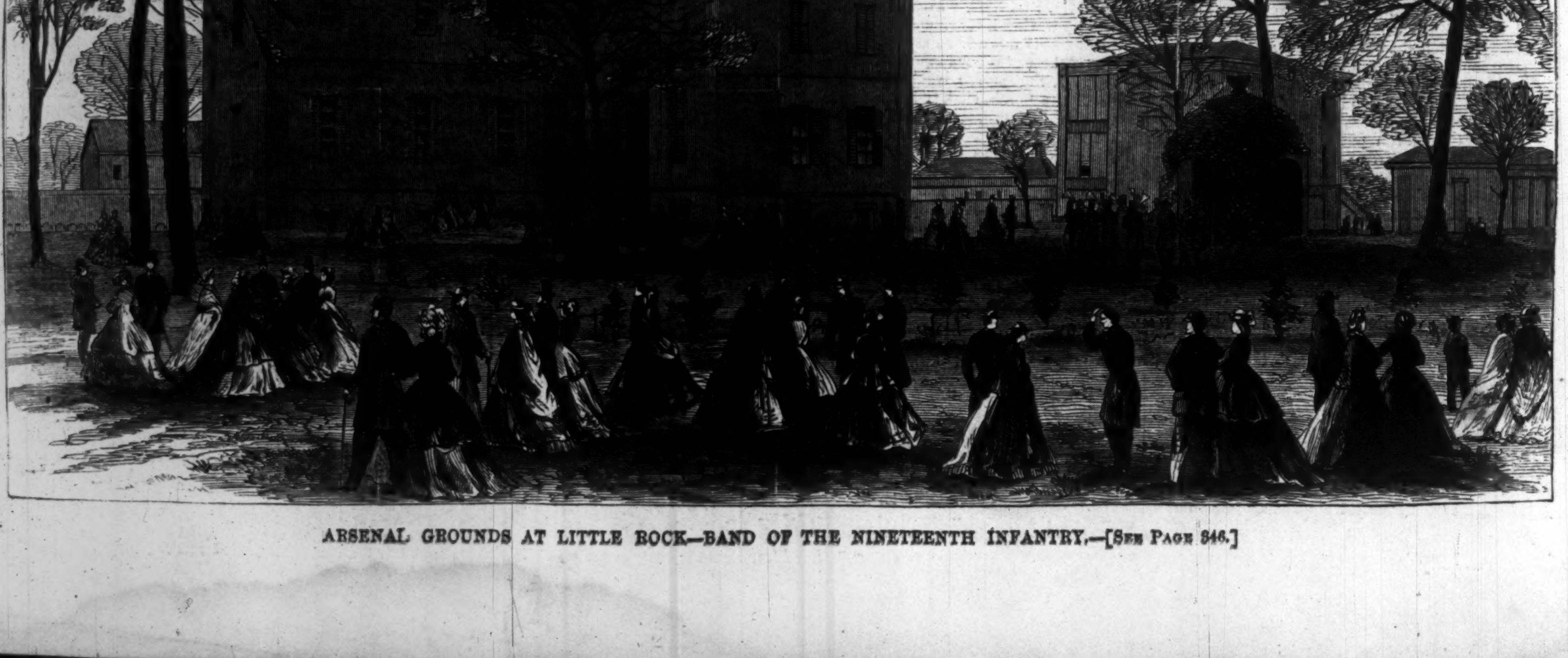
BLISSVILLE, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



"DROWNED OUT"—A SKETCH ON THE ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



CHURCH AT GRAND LAKE, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



ARSENAL GROUNDS AT LITTLE ROCK—BAND OF THE NINETEENTH INFANTRY.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

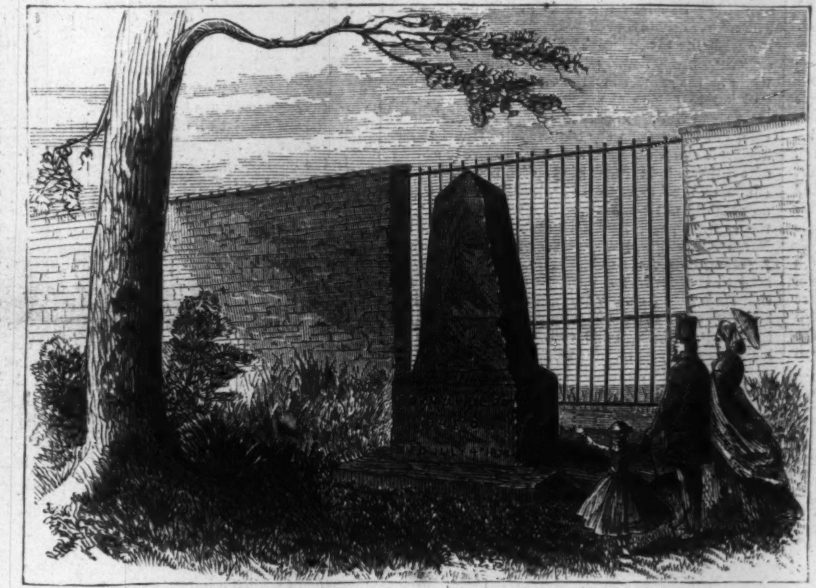
MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF JEFFERSON, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

OUR ARTIST IN VIRGINIA.

MR. THEO. R. DAVIS, who accompanies General STEEDMAN in his Southern tour, sends us three sketches, from which we have engraved the illustrations on this page.

Lynchburg is situated on the south bank of James River, 191 miles west of Richmond. It is built on the hill-side, and the view from the river is quite picturesque, and would be more so but for the crowding together of the houses. In 1793 this place was a little settlement containing only five houses. It is now the great tobacco city of the Union. It was incorporated in 1805. The city suffered comparatively little from the war. Labor is in great demand; the freedmen are industrious, and the feeling of the whites toward them is in general kindly and sensible. The city of Lynchburg was not occupied until after the capture of Richmond.

Monticello, the home of JEFFERSON, near Charlottesville, is located on the crest of a mountain, the view from which is so quietly beautiful that JEFFERSON called it the "Heavenly Mount." He made this retreat his resting-place after the fatigues of public life. The mansion is fast going to decay; portions of it are in an extremely dilapidated condition. The present occupant charges visitors twenty cents for admission to the premises. The people of Charlottesville certainly can not be held responsible for the ruinous aspect of the home of the "Father of Democracy;" "for," says our artist, "we have not during our journeyings seen a more respectable and industrious community."



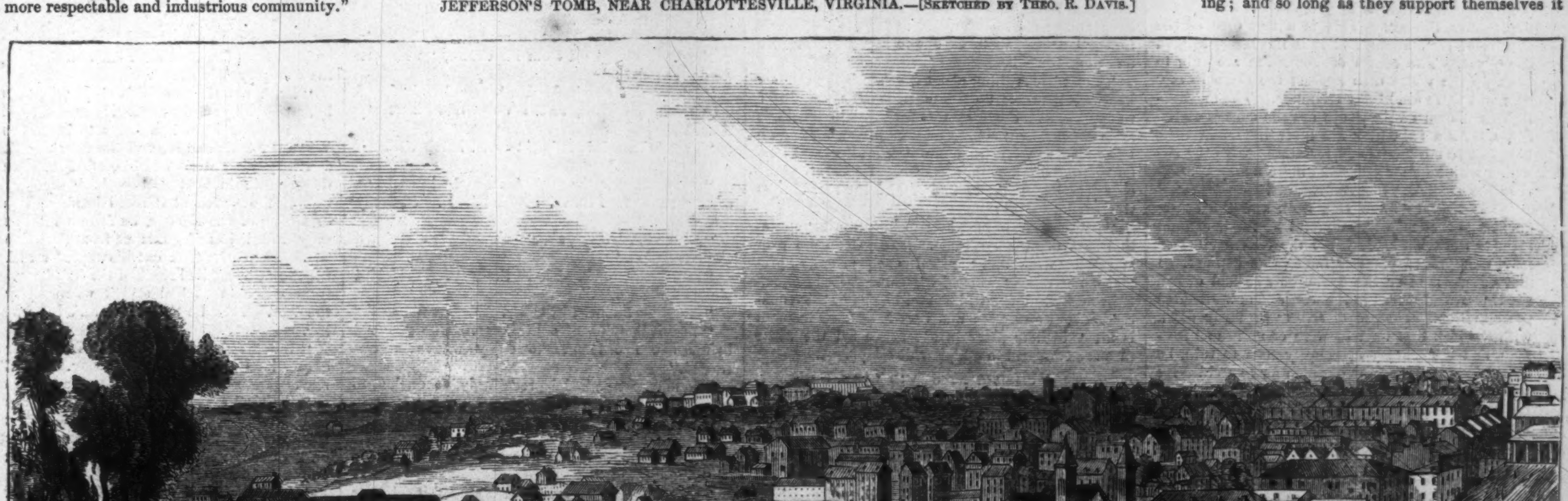
JEFFERSON'S TOMB, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

The slab of JEFFERSON'S tomb is of granite, and is the second one which has been erected, relic-hunters having carried away the first monument chip by chip. They have made some progress in the destruction of the present one. The inclosure is as little cared for as the mansion. Judging from appearances, a few years more will make the ruin of both complete.

SOUTHERN PICTURES.

"THERE is a large class of white men in the South," says our artist, Mr. A. R. W., "who do not work if they can avoid it, and Memphis is well represented in this respect; it is this class that the colored men seem to imitate rather than the industrious. How they live is a mystery. Not a little stealing is done, I suppose, for I have seen white men lurking among the negro huts and purchasing cotton stolen in small quantities from the levee. In some way they manage to pay the rent of their lots, which is often exorbitant. For a piece of land not fifteen feet square as much as ten dollars a month is asked and paid, not in situations, be it remembered, where land is valuable for any present purpose. All do not pay in this proportion, however, and there are not wanting generous people who have procured land and cut it up in small parcels at a reasonable rent.

"The colored people do not care to go out on the plantations, since by draying and working on the levee for 40 cents an hour they can make out a living; and so long as they support themselves it is



GENERAL STEEDMAN'S TOUR—THE CITY OF LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

supposed to be no one's business how much or how little they earn.

"FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, MEMPHIS.

"In this room, containing an army desk and some rude chairs, and principally decorated with hand-bills conveying the information 'that intelligence, or labor brokers—*White* or *Black*—entering the building, will be accommodated with 60 days' imprisonment,' contracts are signed between the colored men and planters hiring them, and the thousand and one appeals, differences, and complaints incident to the present relations of labor, heard and arbitrated, as far as my limited observation went, with strict justice and with no indication of that partial leaning toward the negro which I have heard the Bureau accused of. General RUNKLE, who superintends the department, shows a spirit of fairness in his decisions, which unprejudiced people must admire, singularly in contrast to the injustice meted out sometimes by the civil courts of Memphis. The scene sketched represents a group of negroes and the contractor who had hired them discussing a breach of contract on the part of the latter, who had sold the plantation they were hired to till after they had done considerable work upon it, and had then proposed to turn them over to another plantation. The negroes demanded their pay, and the annulling of the contract, on the reasonable grounds that such an arrangement was not included in it, nor contemplated by them when it was signed. This being clear, the planter—I believe—at the recommendation of the Marshal, agreed to cancel the document. The cases which come before the Bureau are of very various kinds, and are often exceedingly trivial. Some of the negroes have applied to General RUNKLE for permission to carry pistols for personal protection, but he could only tell them that it was unlawful and a privilege out of his power to give, but that while the practice of carrying weapons is universal among the whites they were as much entitled as any to their possession. While I was at the office a negro boy came in who had been hired through its agency by a man some twelve miles from the river, in Arkansas. This boy had made his escape, and was applying for protection. According to his statement he had used an oath—not in anger—to another laborer. For this the master had beaten him with a pistol and a heavy stick about the head, inflicting a severe wound, then tying him up had set the dogs upon him, his arm still showing abundant evidence of the sharpness of their teeth. To be sure there was no counter-statement, but the boy gave his testimony clearly and apparently with truthfulness. A planter was there to complain of one of his hands, whom he wanted punished for answering him back by 'What?' instead of 'Sir?' At one office I saw a negro whose complaint was against another who was 'cutting him out' in a love-affair.

"A characteristic case was being fought through by General RUNKLE. JOHN HERRON is a mean specimen, who, among other slaves, owned before the war one PRINCE HERRON, some nine miles from Memphis. JOHN HERRON's estate was within the Union lines. JOHN H. personally found it healthy to reside outside that limit, and made a compact with PRINCE to work the plantation on shares. PRINCE ran the farm and fed his master's family through the blockade for two or three years; and when JOHN HERRON got into quiet possession again of his place he repudiated PRINCE's claims, on the ground that a slave could be no party to a contract under the State laws of Tennessee. It was decided by the Freedman's Bureau that PRINCE's claim was just. JOHN appealed to General FISK, who indorsed the decision, and again to General HOWARD, who ordered the decision to be enforced. To prevent this JOHN H. filed an injunction in the Supreme Court, which, I believe, decided against the Freedmen's Bureau. This is a test case of the powers of the Bureau, and it is not likely to give it up yet. The courts of Tennessee are sure to back up the white man against the slave in any case, but there are higher tribunals. The most enlightened men of the South are the officers of the army. As a *rule*, they are more liberal in their behavior to strangers, and certainly accept the situation with a better grace and more manly bearing than the vindictive non-combatants.

"The negroes know this well, and the consequence is, that men like General FORREST can get labor to work his lands while the citizen class of lazy, unimproved planters have to go without. I met a gentleman on the Arkansas who had owned 250 slaves, had served in the war, and now accepted the situation. Instead of sitting gloomily down with the idea that negroes were of no use as freemen, and the country necessarily gone to ruin, he determined to decide the question for himself. He told me that he was doing well; he had already on his place 75 men at work, and when I met him he had engaged 49 more, of a regiment mustered out at Duvall's Bluff; not, it must be added, without opposition from the officers of the regiment, some of whom tried to dissuade the men from contracting with him. This plantation was as comfortable a place as a negro intending to work could probably find. When their tasks were done the men could do as they pleased. There was a teacher for them, a good fiddler or two, and every prospect for a jolly Fourth of July, and I have no doubt that this gentleman will make money. Who knows but the negroes, although they may not be induced to work the long hours that were required before freedom, may, on the other hand, quicken their slow pace and do as much in shorter time? The old system was to blow the horn so early on the plantation that, in the cotton picking season, the hands would be all out, after cooking and eating breakfast, by the first appearance of light, ready in the rows to commence the work of picking while the dew was so heavy as to drench them from the laden branches almost at once. The first picking would be so wet as to require exposure on the stagings till noon, about which time the sun's heat would dry the clothing of the pickers. This was not a healthy practice for the fall of the year. Dinner, ready cooked, would be brought out to the fields and hurried over. Work was continued as late as 8 o'clock, when the hands would be dismissed for supper. This was a killing system, and required all the overseer's watchfulness; but the result was an immense profit to the planter.

"Even with the present prospect of remuneration the inducements to plant cotton are great. Eighty hands, it is stated, can easily grow and pick 1000 bales of cotton. These are paid on an average 16 dollars a month and rations, which, at the present prices of cotton, would realize a handsome fortune in one year. Good cotton land will raise 1 bale to the acre, in some places 1½ bales. The introduction of improved agricultural machinery will, in great measure, make up for the loss of labor in the South, for the implements of farming in this section appear to have been modeled upon the primitive efforts of our forefather Adam.

"DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

"After the delay usual with steamboat men, in the category of whose virtues that of punctuality is unwritten, our boat at last got away from the levee at Memphis, and once more among wasted and deserted plantations we continued down the Mississippi. Hardly a plantation could be seen where there were any signs of life, and so on to the White River, which is a deep and narrow channel well adapted for steamboat purposes, as it scarcely varies in hundreds of miles and always has plenty of water. There was so much at this time that all the country adjacent was overflowed. No land being visible among the trees except at places, few and far between, where the everlasting forest of cypress, gum, and cotton-wood, with its undergrowth of cane, gave way to a bluff.

On the Mississippi are very few plantations in working order this year; the water in many places has overflowed, and the banks of the river are generally very desolate, and back from the river it is even worse: there are not so many dismantled plantations and burned houses, but the back-water of the Mississippi has done much damage, and is very slow to quit the fields. On the Mississippi it is not expected that the crop will amount to much; in the interior of the State of Mississippi about one acre out of four is the amount in cultivation.

"In Arkansas, judging from what I could see, something like half the lands are in cultivation. The negroes there appear to be getting along amicably with the planters. The Little Rock *Dispatch* says they are generally contented and industrious, while at the same time the employers show a disposition to pay good prices, and also to feed and treat them well. This is the sunny side of the picture, but away from the highways of travel in Arkansas it is not all *couleur de rose*. Here is a story of another kind: Some short distance from Pine Bluffs, on the Arkansas River, lived a planter whose negroes did not know that they were free, but, on the contrary, had been told and believed that the North was whipped, and slavery tighter than ever. A rumor, however, reached them, and they determined to run for it, not daring to tell their master that they were free. They were all domiciled in a new house the master had built, with no other entrance than through his own dwelling. This he locked securely at night, so that they were as good as prisoners. One night, however, they managed to get out, and to the number of 14, leaving some helpless ones behind, the late slaves started for the river, having previously dug up their master's money—the secret of whose hiding-place one of them knew—and appropriated $150, putting the rest back. A boat came along and took them all on board for Memphis, charging them $5 each for passage, but finding them verdant and in possession of more cash, made another charge of five dollars a head before they let them ashore. The woman who gave this narrative had $100 of money, her father's saving, in Confederate currency, and she never believed the Yankees were victorious till the Memphis shopkeepers laughed at her money. The rest of the 14 that got away had hired out to a planter for $7 a month and rations.

"One curious thing about freedom is the manner in which it mixes up the matrimonal relations of these people. Some of them, owing to the little sales effected by their masters, find themselves with two or three wives and families, and several husbands sometimes claim one wife. Indeed, they are only just beginning to understand the real obligation of matrimony.

"North Alabama appears to keep up its reputation as a degraded section. The people are poor and do not work, and the land is as poor as the people, being mostly worked-out soil. The intellectual condition of the whites and blacks in this country is about on a pár; and very little improvement is likely to take place in the negro till the white race are educated to a higher development.

"CHURCH AT GRAND LAKE.

"On a Sabbath morning our boat touched at the landing-place of Grand Lake, on the Mississippi. Here was the only church we had seen thus far. It was located away from any considerable town, and how the inhabitants can reach it at this stage of the water without boats is a problem. Near the church were many burnt chimneys, the remains of buildings destroyed in the war. Ruins of this sort were quite frequent all along the river.

"BLISSVILLE, ARKANSAS.

"Close on one side of the dilapidated capitol in Little Rock is a collection of log-huts and shanties known by the euphonious name of Blissville. As it is chiefly devoted to the colored population the name is significant. To this picturesque retreat in the very centre of the city numbers of the mustered out colored soldiers betook themselves, their wives, families, or sweet-hearts having already secured habitations there, where they could cook out of doors and live inside in the highest style with the liberal allowance of room usually afforded by coffins.

"ARSENAL GROUNDS AT LITTLE ROCK.

"These grounds are described as having been very beautiful before the war. At present they show evidences of abuse, having been used as a camping-ground by the Confederate soldiers during their occupation of Little Rock. The band of the Nineteenth Regulars playing here of an evening renders the grounds an attractive resort, and as the trees and flowers put on their summer dress they will become quite pretty once more. The arsenal itself is the prominent building, while beyond it, behind the summer house, is the house of the commandant."

On page 345 a description is given of Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS's sketches of Lynchburg, Monticello, and the tomb of JEFFERSON.

A HOPELESS CASE.

I.

DOCTOR THATCHER paced the room anxiously. He was perturbed. He longed for the return of his adopted son; he scarcely knew why, but he also dreaded it. He took up a book; he could not read. Gradually, as he sat before the fire, he fell into a restless doze. The sound of a door opening and the door-chain rattling awoke him. He rose and took the lamp into the hall. There was his nephew, John Harkness, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face was flushed, his hat was crushed, his coat torn.

"Why, Jack," said the Doctor, reproachfully, "you've tired yourself in your rounds, and then taken too much wine. You shouldn't let those farmers tempt you. I used to find it hard."

"There, that'll do," said Harkness, sullenly. "I've been with no farmer. I drank because I'd lost at cards I tell you, and your cursed stinginess never leaves me a shilling to try my luck with. I'll be kept under no longer. I'm over head and ears in debt, and money I'll have. If Aunt Fanny won't stump up, you must. I'll get money somewhere, and I'll pay you out for keeping me without a penny. No. I won't go to bed—go to bed yourself. I want brandy. Give me brandy!"

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness threw himself on a sofa, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunken sleep.

The old Doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"No," he thought to himself; "no, I will not believe it. This is a mere youthful folly. The poor boy has been led away by some of those farmers, who think they show no hospitality unless they make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in now, that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out, and then lecture him well. Poor boy!"

In the morning, when Dr. Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and ordered the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the Doctor, "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his breakfast, dear boy! Won't dare to see his Aunt Fanny to-day, I'll be bound. Of course he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! I was bad enough at his age."

An hour or two later found the rough but worthy Doctor driving at a sober pace toward the bank.

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in the High Street.

"Yes. There goes old four miles an hour! Did you hear of young Harkness, and how he carried on last night at the billiard-room? Swore he'd been cheated, got noisy drunk, and fought three of the men there with the but-end of a billiard cue. Oh, he's going the whole hog, he is! How he flashes his money, to be sure."

"Well, Thatcher," said the manager of the bank, as the Doctor alighted from his chaise, "what can we do for you?"

"I want this check, Miller, for one hundred and fifty pounds, cashed, and I want to look at my book."

"Certainly. Edward, get Dr. Thatcher's book from the parlor."

"I am going to the post-office, and will call in a minute or two. Pshaw! how cold it is. Seen my son to-day?"

"Drove by, Doctor, about half an hour ago, down Church Street."

"Always at work. That's the way. Early bird picks up the worm."

"Thought he looked ill, Sir. Works too hard."

"Yes, it is a dog of a life, ours. One gets old before one has leisure to enjoy what one has earned."

The manager smiled deprecatingly, as much as to say, "Rich people will have their joke."

The Doctor came to the post-office.

"Any letters, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, Doctor. There's one for you."

"Hand it out."

The Doctor sat in the chaise and read it. It was from a hospital in London, a consumption hospital, to which he annually subscribed twenty pounds. The secretary wrote to tell him that two years' subscriptions were due.

"Stuff about due!" growled the Doctor. "Sent Jack to pay it into their bank a month ago. He never forgets any thing."

"Here is your book," said the manager, handing the small parchment-covered book to the Doctor as he entered the bank, where a farmer was scooping up a salmon-colored bag of sovereigns.

"No, it is not entered," said the Doctor, in a startled way. "Did not my boy Jack pay in twenty pounds the end of last month for Drummond's? Surely? The last check he paid in. I've not sent since to you for any thing."

"No, Dr. Thatcher, but he called last week for the hundred pounds for you."

"The hundred pounds?"

"Yes, didn't he, Edward?"

"Oh yes, Sir, and the week before for the fifty pounds."

"For the fifty pounds?" the Doctor stammered. "Let me see the checks, Mr. Miller." The Doctor spoke quite calmly, but his voice trembled. "Will you allow me to sit down for a moment in your back parlor till this gentleman has gone? There has been some mistake about a subscription; a quiet minute or so will set it right."

"Certainly, Sir. Edward, show Dr. Thatcher in and give him a chair. There, Sir, are the checks. Edward, put on a bit of coal, the fire's low."

The Doctor, as the door closed behind the manager, looked closely at the checks, turned the signatures up and down; then he rested his head on his hands and burst into tears. The signatures were forgeries.

"I see it all," he murmured. "Oh, that unhappy boy! and this, I fear, is not the worst. O Absalom, my son, my son!"

"There's something up," said the clerk to the manager, as he took a hasty peep over the green curtain of the glass door. "Why, good gracious, Mr. Miller, the Doctor's fainted!"

II.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Miller," said the Doctor, when he had recovered, and retaken his seat once more in the chaise; "there is no blunder, after all. I see where the mistake lay. I have taken all the checks up to yesterday. Continue the draft. Young man, be kind enough to turn the chaise. Thank you."

The Spartan boy kept the wolf hid till it gnawned into his heart. Dr. Thatcher had a secret whose teeth were sharper than even the wolf. In that half hour he had suffered the pangs of death itself.

He drove straight to his sister's, Mrs. Thatcher's, whose neat little cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the town, and near the old parish church. As the Doctor's chaise drove up, Miss Paget ran out, looking very pale and anxious.

"Well, Letty, how's Aunt Fanny?"

"Very, very ill, dear uncle. No appetite, very weak, no sleep."

"That won't do; and has Jack been?"

"Yes, and orders the same medicine, only larger doses; but I'm sure—I'm sure it does not agree with her. Do give your advice, uncle."

"I promised Jack, only two days ago, never to interfere with his patients; but this once I will. Send some one, Letty, to take the mare round to the stables."

Mrs. Thatcher, the Doctor's sister, was sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. Her handsome features were sharpened by illness, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes pale and anxious.

"Well, Fanny, and how is it with you?"

"Bad, bad, John; perpetual pain, nausea, no sleep, no appetite."

The Doctor's face changed, a ghastly pallor came upon his lips.

"Let me see the medicine, Letty."

Miss Paget brought it. The Doctor looked at it eagerly, then tasted it. The next moment he had flung the bottle on the fire. A dew of nervous excitement broke out upon his forehead.

"Uncle?"

"Brother?"

"The medicine is much too powerful for you in this weak state. Jack is a clever fellow, but he does not know your constitution as I do. You must not, however, pain him by telling him you have not taken his stuff, so I will send you some tonic that resembles it in color, but less violent. This was too much for you. Jack was right—he was right, but he has not taken into account your age, Fanny."

"I could not take it yesterday, and Jack was very angry."

"You take the medicine I shall send you when I return directly it comes; take it every two hours till the sickness abates. Now, come, lie back, Fanny; you are very weak."

The pale worn face turned toward him and smiled on him, then the head sank back on the pillow, and the weary eyelids closed.

"I can not shake off this stupor, John. Good-by, and bless you, dear John!"

The Doctor signed to Letty to leave the room. When she had done so, and the door closed, he sat down by his sister's bedside, sorrow-stricken and thoughtful; in that silence, broken only by the tick of the watch at the bed head, and the deep breathing of the sleeper, he fell on his knees, and prayed for help and guidance from the Giver of all Good. Then he took out his repeater and waited till the minute-hand reached the half hour. It was three o'clock that had struck when Letty closed the door. Then he took his sister's hand and woke her.

"What, John, are you here still?" How good of you! I thought I was alone. I feel better now. It was that dreadful medicine that hurt me."

"Fanny," said the Doctor, with all a woman's tenderness, "when you made your will in the summer, you told me you left all your money to Jack on his marriage with Letty. Now, I want you to do me a kindness."

"I left it all to dear Jack; I told him so. What kindness can I show you, brother, a poor, dying old woman like myself?"

"Alter the will this evening, and leave me the money during my lifetime. It will be a check on Jack, if he grows extravagant or wild."

"Oh, he won't, dear boy! Yet, as you will, John. You have always some kind and good object in what you do."

"I will bring a lawyer and witness in half an hour. It might ruin even a well-intentioned lad, and make him idle. Later in life it will perhaps come better."

In the room below the Doctor found Letty, anxious and apprehensive of some evil, but she scarcely knew what.

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" she said, in tears, "auntie is not in danger, is she? Oh, do say she is not in danger!"

"By God's help, Letty, she will be out of danger in a few hours. It is well I came. Letty, you love me, and you love my son Jack?"

"I do! I do! you know how I do, dearly, uncle."

"If you love us both you will then do as I tell

you, and not deviate a single iota, for much depends on what I am now going to say. But first let your man George ride quick into town and get this prescription made up."

What the Doctor's instructions were must not at present be revealed.

III.

Three hours later the Doctor was in his surgery, examining a drawer of dangerous drugs that was generally kept locked. He had just closed it, and was musing with one elbow on his desk and his head on his hand, when there came a step behind him. He looked round; it was John.

"John," he said, and he said no more. But there was an infinite depth of reproachful sadness in that one word.

"Dear father," said his adopted son, "I deeply regret the events of last night. I was tempted to stay at a farmer's harvest-home, and I talked nonsense (did I not?) about debt and wanting money. It was all wandering. Forget it all—it meant nothing. It was foolish, wrong of me. I'm sorry for it."

"Let it be the last time, Jack," said the Doctor; "it is harder to come up hill one step than to go down twenty. Do not break my heart by becoming a bad man. By-the-by, have you sent Aunt Fanny the medicine, and how is she?"

"Oh, pulling through all right. She's as tough as nails."

"What prescription are you using?"

"This," and John Harkness held up a bottle of simple tonic drops. "The old lady wants strength. Oh, she'll do if she can only get stronger!"

The Doctor sighed, and said, "The tonic is right." At that moment the surgery door opened, and an old farmer presented himself.

"Why, Farmer Whitehead, how are you?"

"Ailing, Doctor, thank ye, with the flinzy. Uncommon bad, to be sure; and so is my missus."

"Ah, I thought Jack here had been attending you for months; you are down in our books. How is this, Jack?"

The young man's color rose. "It is a mistake of mine. I'm a regular duffer for memory; it was Robinson at Woodcot I meant. I'll put it all right."

"Just see to Farmer Whitehead then, now. Give him a diaphoretic and ipecacuanha to keep the pores open. I'll go and dress for dinner."

"Steeped in lies," the Doctor muttered, as he shut the surgery door behind him. "I fed this serpent, and now he stings me; but still no one shall know his shame, for I may still, by God's help, save him from crime, and leave him time and opportunities for repentance. Heaven have mercy upon him! Yes, still—still I may save the boy I once loved so much."

Dinner was over. The Doctor had been cheerful, as usual, and had made no further reference to the unhappy events of the night before. John Harkness had grown boisterous and social as ever, seeing the Doctor satisfied with so brief an apology.

"Jack," said the Doctor, warming to the conversation, "go and get a bottle of that thirty-two port; I feel to-day as if I wanted a specially good bottle."

John Harkness went, and returned in a few minutes with the bottle, carrying it carefully, with the chalk mark uppermost.

"That's right, Jack. Don't do like the country butler, who, when his master said, 'John, have you shaken that wine?' replied, 'No, zur; but I will,' and then shook it up like a draught. Ha, ha! I'll decant it; I like doing it."

The Doctor rose to decant the wine, standing at the buffet to do it facing a mirror, and with his back to the table, where the young man had again sullenly seated himself. In the round shining surface of the mirror the room was repeated in sharp clear miniature. The bottle was still gurgling out its crimson stores into the broad silver wine-strainer, when the Doctor, casting his eyes upon the mirror, observed John draw swiftly from his breast-pocket a little flat black vial and pour a dozen drops of some thick fluid into the half-full glass which stood beside his uncle's plate.

He took no notice of what he had seen, nor did he look round, but merely said:

"John, I'm sorry to trouble you, but we shall want some brown sherry; there is hardly enough for to-day. Get it before we sit down to the real business of the evening."

The moment John Harkness left the room the Doctor, with the quickness of youth, sipped the wine, recognized the taste of laudanum, threw open the door leading into the surgery, dashed the wine down a sink, then shut the door, and refilled the glass to exactly the same height.

"Here is the sherry, governor. Come, take your wine."

The Doctor tossed it off.

"I feel sleepy," he said—"strangely sleepy."

"Oh, it is the weather. Go into that green chair and have a ten minutes' nap."

The Doctor did so. In a moment or two he fell back, assuming with consummate skill all the external symptoms of deep sleep. A deep apoplectic snoring breathing convinced the Doctor's adopted that the laudanum had taken effect.

A moment that hardened man stood watching the sleeper's face; then, falling on his knees, he slipped from the old Doctor's finger his massive seal-key.

The instant he turned to run to a cabinet where the Doctor's case-book was kept, the old man's stern eyes opened upon him with the swiftest curiosity; but the old man did not move a limb nor a muscle, remaining fixed like a figure of stone.

"He's safe," said the coarse, unfeeling voice; "and now for the case-book, to fix it against him if any thing goes wrong."

As he said this the lost man opened the case-book and made an entry. He then locked the book, replaced it in the cabinet, and slipped the key-ring once more on the Doctor's finger. Then he rose and rang the bell softly. The old servant came to the door.

"The governor's taken rather too much wine," he said, blowing out the candles; "awake him about twelve and tell him I'm gone to bed. You say I'm out, if you dare; and mind and have the trap ready to-morrow at half-past nine. I'm to be at Mrs. Thatcher's."

When the door closed upon the hopeless profligate, the Doctor rose and wrung his hands. "Lost, lost!" he said; "but I will still hide his shame. He shall have time still to repent. I can not—can not forget how I once loved him."

Sternly the Doctor set himself to that task of self-devotion—stern as a soldier chosen for a forlorn hope. "To-morrow," he said, "I will confront him, and try if I can touch that hard heart."

When the servant came at twelve the Doctor pretended to awake. "Joe," he said, "get my chaise ready to-morrow at a quarter to ten; mind, to the moment. Where's Mr. John?"

"Gone to bed, Sir. Good-night."

"He makes them all liars like himself," said the old man, as he slammed his bedroom door.

IV.

"How is your missus?" said the young doctor, as, driving fast through Crossford the next morning, he suddenly espied Mrs. Thatcher's servant standing at the post-office window.

The old coachman shook his head.

"Very bad, Sir; sinking fast."

John Harkness made no reply, but lashed his horse and drove fiercely off in the direction of the sick woman's house.

"It all goes well," he said, half aloud. "I had half a mind to stop the thing yesterday when I saw her; but these fellows press so with their bills, and the governor's so cursed stingy. I really must press it on. It's no crime. What is it? Only sending an old woman two or three days sooner to the heaven she is always whining for. Yet she was fond of me, and it's rather a shame; but what can a fellow do that's so badgered?"

So reasoned this fallen man, steeped in the sophistries which sin uses as narcotics to stupefy its victims.

Arrived at the door he threw down the reins, tossed back the apron, and leaped out. He was excited and desperate with the brandy he had already found time to take. All at once, as he passed his fingers in a vain way through his whiskers and shook his white great-coat into its natural folds, he glanced upward at the windows. To his surprise, but by no means violent regret, he saw that the blinds were all down.

"By the Lord Harry!" he muttered, "if the old cat hasn't already kicked the bucket! Vogue la galère, that'll do. Now then for regret, lamentation, and a white cambric handkerchief."

He pulled at the bell softly. In a moment or two the door was opened by a servant, whose eyes were red with crying. At the same instant Miss Paget stepped from a room opening into the hall. She had a handkerchief to her face.

"Oh, John, John," she sobbed; "my dear, dear aunt."

"Then she's really gone," said Harkness, with well-feigned regret. "Here, Letty, come into the back parlor and tell me about it. Why, I didn't think the old lady was going so soon."

"Not there, John, not there," said Letty, as she stood before the door.

"I'll go up and see her at once."

"No, no, John, you must not. Not yet."

"Why, what's all this fuss about, Letty?" said Harkness, angrily. "One would think no one had ever died before. Of course it's a bad job, and we're all very sorry; but what must be, must be. It is as bad as crying over spilt milk."

"Oh, John, you never spoke like this before! You never looked like this before. John, you do not really love me!" And she burst into a passionate and almost hysterical weeping.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Letty; you know I do. We can marry now, now she's left me her money. I've got rather into a mess lately about tin. It's that old woman who lies up stairs, and my stingy hard old governor, who kept us so long from marrying and being happy. We will marry in a month or two now, let who will say nay. By George! if there isn't the bureau where she used to keep her papers. The will must be there. There is no harm in having a look at it. Where are the keys, Letty? Go and get them from her room. She's no use, I suppose, for them now? She kept them tight enough while she was alive. Come, hurry off, Letty; this is a turning-point with me."

"Letty threw herself before the old bureau, the tears rolling from her eyes. "Oh, John, John," she said, "do not be so cruel and hard hearted! What evil spirit of greed possesses you? You were not so once. I can not get the keys. Wait. Have you no love for the dead?"

"Stuff and nonsense. I want no whining sentiments. I thought you were a girl of more pluck and sense. Get away from that bureau. I'll soon prise it open. It's all mine now. Mind, I'm queer this morning. Things haven't gone smooth with me lately at all. Get away."

He pushed the weeping girl from the desk, and, thrusting in the blade of a large knife, wrenched open the front of the bureau. A will fell out. As he stooped to snatch it up the door opened, and the old Doctor stood before him. There were tears in his eyes as he motioned Letty from the room. She gave one long look back, and the door was locked behind her. There was a terrible stern gravity in the old man's pale face, and his mouth was clenched as if fixed with the pang of some mortal agony.

John Harkness stepped back and clutched hold of the shattered bureau, or he would have fallen.

"John," said the old man, "you have deceived me. I loved you, loved you Heaven only knows how tenderly. There was a time when I would have bled to death to save you an hour's pain. There was a time when I thought more of your smallest disappointment than I should have done for the loss of one of my own limbs. I fostered you; I took you from a bad father, and brought you up as my own son. I have been foolishly indulgent, and now, like Absalom, you have taught me bitterly my folly. You have forged—you have lied. Yes, don't dare to speak, Sir. You have lied. Blacker and blacker your heart became as you gave yourself to self-indulgence and sin. Further and further you erred from the narrow path; faster and faster you drove down hill, till at last, forsaken by the good angels, and urged forward by the devil, the great temptation came, and you fell into crime. Not a word, Sir; you see I know all. Old as I am, 'twas love for you made me subtle. I found out your forgeries. I discovered your false entries of patients' names. I traced you out in all your follies and vices, and finally I saw you, when you thought me asleep, take the key-ring from my finger, and make those entries in a forged hand in my case-book, that might, but for God's infinite mercy, have led to my being now in prison as a *murderer*. You may start; but even a horrible cold-blooded crime did not appall you. It is fear, and not repentance, that even now makes you turn pale. The sin of Cain is upon you. Even now, eager faces are looking up from the lowest abysses of hell, waiting for your coming; while, from the nearest heaven, the pale sad face of one who loved you as a mother, regards you with sorrow and with pity."

"Father, father!" cried the unhappy and conscience-stricken wretch, and held out his hands like one waiting for the death-blow from the executioner. "Have mercy! Spare me! I did not kill her. She would have died, any how. I am young; give me time to repent!"

"John, I will not deceive you as you have deceived me. My sister still lives. I discovered your intended crime, and gave her antidotes. She may yet recover, if it seems good to the all-merciful Father; still you had murdered her but for me. Tell me not of repentance. Time will show that. I shall never hear in this world whether or not your repentance is true or false. Here is one hundred pounds. That will start you in another hemisphere for good or for evil. I wish, for the honor of our family, to conceal your shame, and the last spark of love that is left urges me to conceal your intended crime. Letty you will see no more. I, too, am dead to you forever. It is now one hour to the next train. Spend that time in preparing for your journey. At the nearest sea-port write to me, and I will forward all that belongs to you. Your debts shall be paid. I shall tell people that a sudden spirit of adventure made you leave me and start for Australia."

"But Letty—one word," groaned the discovered criminal. "I love her—one word. I forgot her for a time in my cruel selfishness; but I love her now—mercy—one—"

"Not one word. She is ignorant of your crime, but she knows that you are unworthy of her love. Mind, one struggle, one word of opposition, and I throw you into prison as a forger, and a man who had planned a murder. Go; when that door closes on you it is as if the earth of the grave had closed over my eyes. We shall meet no more. Go. Speak to no one; and remember, that the will you hold in your hand leaves not a single farthing to yourself. Go. We part forever. If you write, I burn the letters unopened. Go."

The young man stood for a moment as soldiers are sometimes said to do when a bullet has pierced their hearts. His face was the face of a corpse, but no tears came. The blood was frozen at its source. Then he stooped forward, kissed the old man on the forehead, and rushed from the house.

In five minutes afterward the door softly opened, and Letty entered. The Doctor took her hand. They knelt.

"Let us pray for him," he said, solemnly. "Letty, his fault you shall never know, but you must henceforward consider him as dead. Those who love me will never mention his name. Let us pray for him, my child, and may God's Spirit soften that hard and rebellious heart, for nothing else will. My hope and joy is gone. There is nothing left me now but to prepare myself humbly for death. Come, Letty, let us pray, for prayer availeth much."

V.

One July afternoon, thirteen years later, a handsome, burly, black-bearded man, in a fur cap and rough Australian coat, drove up to the door of the King's Arms, seated beside an older man even burlier and more bearded than himself. He alighted and ordered lunch; as he lunched he talked to the waiter about Crossford and old times. He had once known Crossford, he said.

"Has Travers not got this house now?"

"No, Sir; he died three years ago, and his widow became bankrupt."

"Where's Jones, the veterinary surgeon?"

"Dead, Sir—died in a fit four years ago."

"Is Harris, the fat saddler, to the fore?"

"No, Sir—died last year of dropsy, and his son's dead too."

The stranger sighed and drank down a glass of ale at a gulp.

"Waiter, get me some brandy, hot." He hesitated for a moment, then he said, fiercely, "Is old Mrs. Thatcher still alive?"

"What! old Mrs. Thatcher at the lawn? Oh, she died seven years ago, and left all her money to her brother, the Doctor. There was an adopted son who would have had it, but he turned out a scamp."

"Oh, indeed! This is shocking bad brandy. And the old Doctor—is he still alive?"

"Oh, Lord, no, Sir. Dead six years since. Why, Sir, you seem to remember the people well?"

The stranger rested his head on his hand and thought for a moment; then he said:

"And Miss Paget, Mrs. Thatcher's niece—is she living—married, I suppose?"

"Living—yes, Sir. Look, Sir; why, there is her carriage standing at the bank-door opposite; wait, and you'll see her come out. She married a Lieutenant Price, of the Bombay army."

At that moment, as the stranger looked out of the window, a lady stepped into the carriage; three pretty children—two boys and a girl—leaped in, laughing, after her. It was Letty, still beautiful even as a matron, her face wearing the old sweet amiable expression. The skittish ponies rebelled, but darted off amicably at a touch of their mistress's whip.

"What, in the dumps, old chum?" said the second stranger, going up to his friend, who still stood with his face fixed to the window. "Come, more liquor—I'll *shout* this time; it's our last day in old England."

"Curse old England and all that are in it!" said the other man, turning round fiercely. "Come, let's catch the 11.20 and get back to Liverpool. If I once get to the old tracks in Australia—once on the back of a buck-jumper and after the kangaroos, I'll never set foot again in the old country. Here's your money, waiter. Come, Murray, let's be off!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irish emigrant hearing the sunset-gun at Portsmouth, asked a sailor, "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Pat, "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

A Leading Article.—A blind man's dog.

Which of the inmates of the ark paid most attention to their toilet?—The fox and cock, for they took their *brush* and *comb*.

A CONUNDRUM.

(To be given at the close of a morning visit.)

Why would a lady who stays at home all the year round be likely to prove herself a false relation to her nephew?—Because she is not a *tru-ant*. Good-morning.

[*Exit Visitor.*

Curious Bill.—A carpenter was employed by a farmer, and rendered the following curious bill: "To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, three shillings and sixpence."

If a man snores loudly can he be said to be sound asleep?

Why should Lord Byron be presumed to have been a good-tempered young man?—Because he always kept his *choler* (collar) down.

Matter of Fact.—At a naval court-martial, lately held, the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court: "Are you a Protestant?" "No, Sir." "What are you, then?" "Captain of the foretop."

What is the best way to keep a gentleman's affections?—Not to return them.

Two captains agreed to share their prizes, and met weekly to give an account of their seven days' work and signalize their luck. On one occasion Captain A—— signalized Captain B——, "I have taken something." Quick went up the bunting. "What have you taken?" and all hands stood on tip-toe of expectation. "Physic," was the pithy reply of Captain A——.

A Capital I-dea.—The writer of an autobiography is clearly justified in making the widest possible departures from the truth, for it is notoriously incorrect in writing about one's self to make use of a *little* i (little lie).

Why are birds likely to feel depressed early on summer mornings?—Because their little *bills* are all *over dew*.

A French Bishop in a sermon recently administered a philippic to crinoline wearers: "Let women beware," said he, "while putting on their profusive and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

An old lady living in the country lately refused to let her niece dance with a young graduate of Oxford, because she heard that he was a "bachelor of arts," whereby she understood him to be an artful bachelor.

Why are poultry the most profitable stock to keep?—Because for every grain they give a *peck*.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.

A doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party; "it has been announced in the *Times*." "Ah!" said the doctor, stretching his neck importantly; "pray, in what terms?" "Well, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven deaths less than the week before!'"

Spring Water.—April showers.

The question, does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky. "Oh, Biddy, it's a trate intirely to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one!"

Why is the tread-mill like a true convert?—Because its turning is the result of conviction.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

Nothing perfect.

Some crook is found in every staff;
And every grain must have its chaff;
Without their weeds no garden plots;
The sun itself has ugly spots.

Every bean must have its black;
Every good doth something lack;
Every skin some freckle shows;
Some faulty petal, every rose.

No horse that never stumbled lives;
No fire so bright that no smoke gives;
No harp without its feeble notes;
No beam of light without its motes.

The world itself is not quite round;
A ghost in every house is found;
No tree without its withered leaf;
No joy without its shade of grief.

No clock that never erred a minute;
No book without some error in it.
Great Homer's self did sometimes nod;
All bear the sin-stamp—"Ichabod."

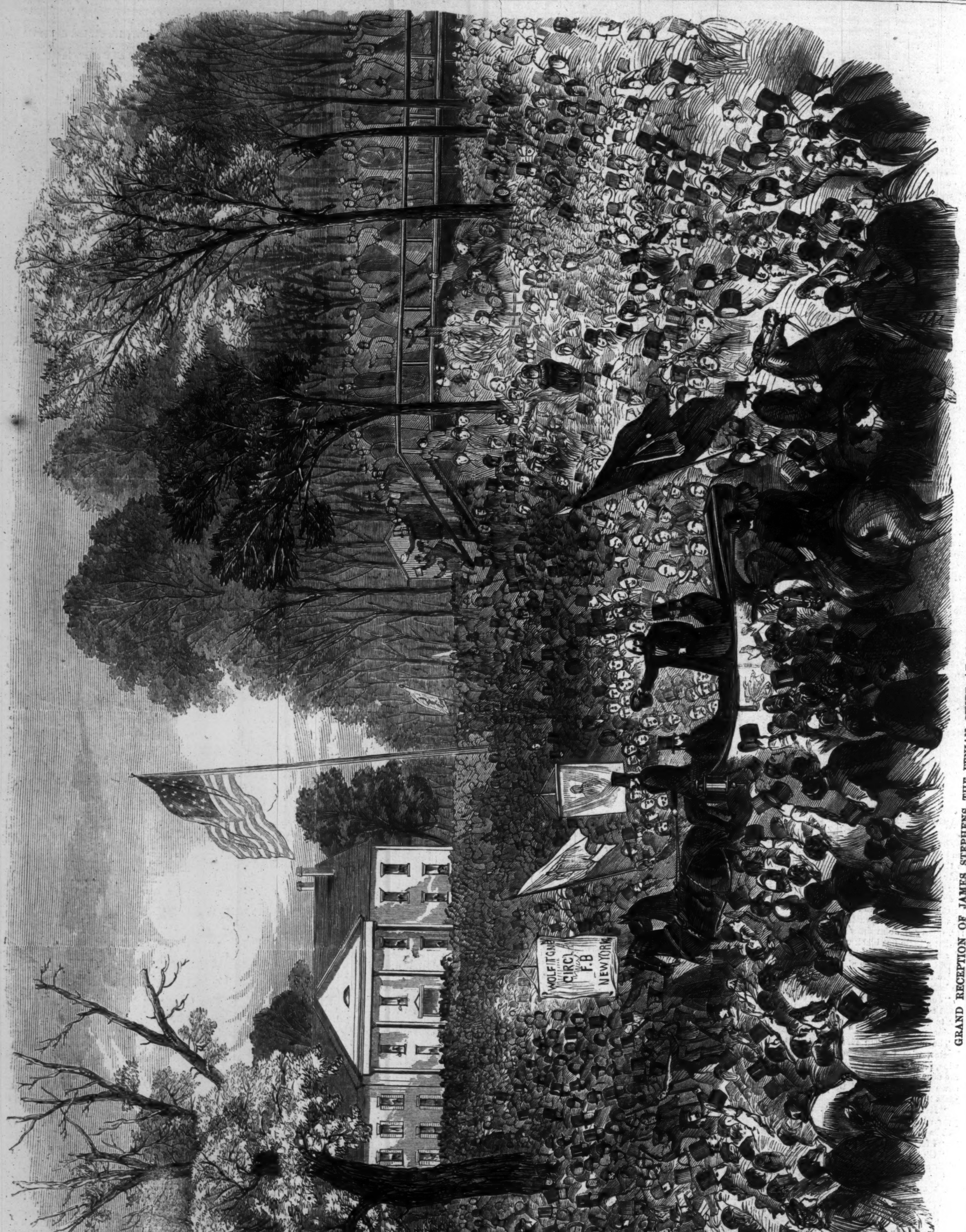
Perfectly Plain.—"Sir," said an old Scotch woman to her minister, "I didna ken a part of your sermon yesterday." "Indeed! what was it?" "You said the Apostle used the *figure of circumlocution*, and I dinna ken what it means." "Is that all? It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction." "Oh! ah! is that all?" said the good woman; "what a puir fool I were not to understand that!"

Prevention Better than Cure.—"My dear Mrs. B., how can a body prevent the odious smell of cooking in one's house?" asked Mrs. A. "The only way that I know," replied Mrs. B., "is to have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper."

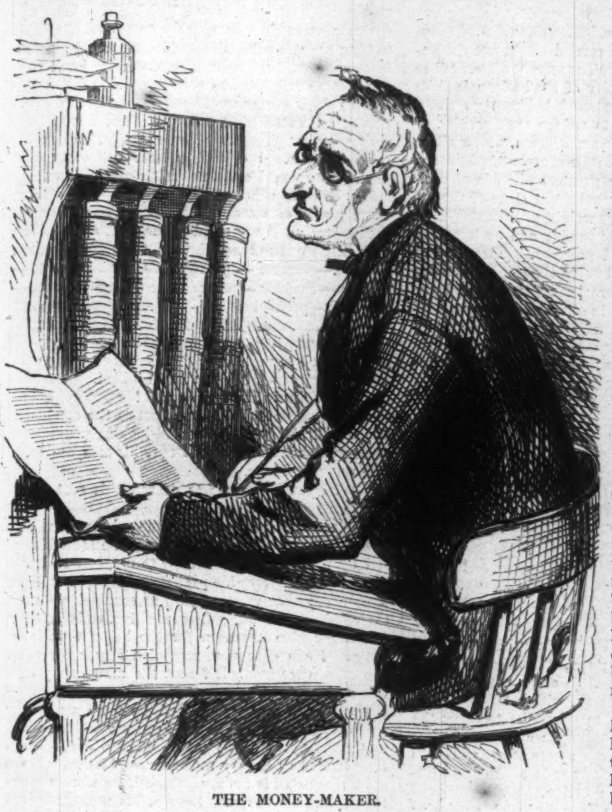
"Pa, can a person catch any thing if he don't run after it?" "Certainly not." "Well, then, how did you catch the cold you've got?"

Crinoline shoppers, who never buy, are known in the trade as counter irritants.

A legal wag calls his marriage certificate, strange to say, "a writ of attain'd her."



GRAND RECEPTION OF JAMES STEPHENS, THE FENIAN CHIEF, AT JONES'S WOOD, APRIL 15, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 340.]



THE MONEY-MAKER.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

The Parisian modistes have certainly produced a fair stock of novelties in the way of chapeaux for the present season, the most remarkable of which are the chapeaux Lamballe, Watteau, Bergère, Benoiton, and Printanier. The favorite materials of which these are made are tulle and fancy straw; but sometimes they are formed entirely of clusters of flowers, such as clematis and lilies of the valley, or vine leaves of different shades of color, with here and there a few small green or purple grapes arranged closely together. In the front there is occasionally a band of colored ribbon on a ruche of blonde, the strings of the chapeau being, of course, of the same color. When the chapeau is of tulle this is frequently goffered, and the crown is encircled with a wreath of flowers, hyacinths, moss-roses, passion-flowers, heart's-eases, forget-me-nots, or lilies of the valley, the ends of which hang down on either side, or, joined together, fall over the breast. The strings are for the most part of white ribbon, with frequently a second pair of strings of tulle; but strings of mauve, pale blue, or green, or other light color ribbon harmonizing with the tints of the wreaths are also worn. The chapeaux of fancy straw are trimmed with similar wreaths to those just described, and occasionally have the ribbon of the strings passed over the crown. A favorite trimming for these chapeaux is a cluster of ears of wheat or barley on either side, with a chaine Benoiton of straw passementerie falling down in front. The strings in this case would be of straw-color ribbon with, perhaps, a second pair of strings of muslin, crape, or tulle of the same color. Most of the chapeaux have glass drops suspended round the brim; the more elegant tulle bonnets being ornamented in a similar manner with pearl beads.

For robes several novelties in the way of foulards have made their appearance; for instance, the foulard Patti, with a border formed of musical notes; the foulard *glaneuse*, ornamented with ears of wheat knotted together; the foulard pastel, with small bouquets of flowers on a pearl or rose, gray or white

THE MONEY-SPENDERS.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1866.—CHAPEAUX AND COIFFURES.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1866.

ground; the foulard Oriental, with a double palm-leaf upon a rich colored or black or white ground; and the foulard Imperial, ornamented with wreaths of flowers.

There are two kinds of jupons now in vogue—the jupon à traine and the jupon écourté; the former is terminated with a deep flounce bordered with gimp, surmounted by an entre-deux, composed of small squares of gimp; the latter is ornamented with an entre-deux of gimp or embroidery, and a narrow piping.

Sunshades when made of dark-colored silk are invariably lined with white; the handles are mostly large, and are occasionally formed of a series of links resembling a somewhat heavy-looking chain. In place of a ferule, some sunshades are armed with a formidable-looking spike, the use or purpose of which is certainly a mystery.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPEAUX AND COIFFURES.

Fig. 1. Chapeau of puffed tulle, formed like the shell of a snail, with a ruche of blonde in the front. Strings of pink ribbon.

Fig. 2. *Coiffure de Bal*, composed of an antique band of rose velvet studded with cameos, which are interlaced with chains of small pearls, that fall down below the chignon.

Fig. 3. *Coiffure for a Bride.*—Wreath of Orange blossoms, the two ends of which are crossed at the back of the head, and fall down on each side of the chignon.

Fig. 4. Catalane in tulle blondé, trimmed with a ruche of blonde and flowers, with a chaine Récamier, likewise formed of blonde and flowers, falling down in front.

Fig. 5. Chapeau of goffered tulle, trimmed with leaves of green velvet, which, formed into a chain, fall down over the breast. Strings of green ribbon and white tulle.

COSTUMES.

Fig. 1. *Morning Jacket* of crimson velvet, bordered with swansdown and gold passementerie. Robe of gray foulard, without any trimming.

Fig. 2. *Carriage Dress.*—Tunic of green taffeta, open in front in the shape of a heart, and behind on a line with the shoulders, trimmed with a border of white marabout. Shawl of Chantilly lace. Robe of striped green foulard, with wild roses down the front, and bordered at the bottom with marabout, like the tunic. Chapeau Lamballe of Tuscan straw, trimmed with wild roses; the strings of green ribbon.

Fig. 3. *Indoor Dress.*—Robe of coarse blue taffeta. At each side are two wide stripes of the same material, but of a darker shade of color, connected by a passementerie. Corsage-veste of the same color as the robe, and trimmed with a similar passementerie, with short tails, but without sleeves. Beneath is an under corsage, which, with the sleeves, is of white cambric. The wristbands of the sleeves are trimmed with a ruche of ribbon matching the robe, and bordered with Valenciennes lace. The collar is of plain ribbon. In the hair is a simple bandalette of ribbon of the same color as the robe.

Fig. 4. *Evening Dress.*—Burnous de printemps of fine silk and wool, striped with gold and silver thread. The robe is of straw-color foulard, with stripes of a darker shade. The coiffure is composed of a cluster of small roses at the top of the head, which are connected by chains of pearls to an enamel plaque fixed in the chignon.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE CLOUDS.

THE other day we, in common with our quill-compelling brotherhood, received a polite invitation from Dr. Solomon Andrews to inspect an invention of his yclept, "THE AERION; OR, FLYING SHIP." Accompanying this invitation was a request that we should answer sundry rather intricate questions, as to whether the problem of aerial navigation should now be considered satisfactorily solved; whether there were any immediate probability that all railway and steamship companies would declare a last dividend and close their offices; whether henceforth all transportation of passengers and freight must of necessity be effected by the agency of the "Aerion," and other machines of similar construction, thus "revolutionizing the commerce of nations;" and other enigmatical interrogatories, coming within the province rather of clairvoyance than of journalism.

The "flying ship's" magnificent volume is "bound in boards" at the corner of Green and Houston streets, a locality ill adapted for the success of heavenward experiments, inasmuch as the physical and moral character of that region has a decidedly downward tendency, and is "of the earth, earthy" to the utmost conceivable degree. Although the majority of the inhabitants are said to "get high"—or, more elegantly, to "become elevated"—in a metaphorical sense, oftener than occasionally, but few of them are likely to call upon Saint Peter to verify the place of their bodily residence, as in the traditional case of the one man who went to heaven from Chicago.

On entering the lofty inclosure at which our readers may have wonderingly gazed from the University Place cars, we found ourself in the presence of three members of the press, of an enthusiastic individual especially deputed to instill conviction into the minds of the said (and other) members of the press, and of—The Aerion!

The principal point of dissimilarity between this and other balloons (and the feature whereon the inventor bases his theory) is its peculiar shape. Instead of the customary "peg-top" pattern being followed, the Aerion reminds one forcibly, by its form and color, of a Brobdignagian lemon suspended in air, its greater diameter being horizontal. By a strap, which encircles its larger circumference and is controlled by a complicated congeries of cords and pulleys, a longitudinal depression, or groove, may be made in its upper surface, for the double purpose of giving a line of direction to the atmospheric resistance (as an upside-down *intaglio* keel, so to speak), and also of regulating the capacity of the balloon to compensate for the expansion and contraction of its gaseous contents at different altitudes. Depending from this juiceless lemon is a wicker car, something like a row-boat with a stern at each end, or an attenuated scow, capable of seating four or five persons. A shifting ballast-box, to be managed by pulleys, occupies the centre of this car, and from the "coxwain's seat" two "tiller-ropes" lead to a comical three-cornered rudder, tacked at one of its angles to the after-end of the balloon. So much for the general appearance of the "Flying Ship." Now as to its *modus operandi.*

We were cordially and courteously greeted by the enthusiastic individual above alluded to, who, to our inquiry concerning the motive power to be employed, responded in substance as follows:

"The principle of gravitation, Sir, is what the Doctor mainly relies on for his motive power. You see, the buoyancy of the balloon imparts to it a tendency to ascend in a vertical direction; but by inclining the axis of the Aerion at a slight angle to the horizon, this upward motion is converted into one of progression. If you throw a piece of slate into the water it does not sink in a direct line, but descends with a zigzag motion; and just so the pressure of the air, either upward or downward, acting upon a flat or grooved surface, must produce the same result. For instance, this envelope," extricating that article from his pocket as he spoke, "will not fall straight to the ground, but will oscillate from side to side almost horizontally, exemplifying admirably the Doctor's theory." The envelope being here triumphantly launched into space, performed one or two hesitating gyrations, and then, getting an edge downward, plunged viciously and vertically to earth. Nothing daunted by the failure of this illustration, however, our informant continued: "The same principle is beautifully manifested in the flight of birds, whose course through the air first suggested to the Doctor the idea which he has embodied in the Aerion."

We diffidently remarked that possibly the circumstance of birds having wings, and balloons being destitute of those members, might invalidate the force of the comparison.

"Not at all, Sir!" replied he, waxing even more enthusiastic under our captiousness, "the Doctor denies that a bird's wings are organs of propulsion. They are simply for the purpose of ascending: the inclination of the bird's body does the rest—its tail answering to the rudder which you see there. Now the Doctor sitting in the rear-end of the car, his weight induces a depression of the stern and a proportionate elevation of the prow of the machine. He ascends and advances thus obliquely at the rate of, say, five miles ahead to one upward; then, having attained his highest point, he lets out a portion of the gas, and, pointing the Aerion downward—either by shifting the ballast or by stepping forward himself—he descends at a corresponding angle. Nearing the earth, the ejection of a few sand-bags insures a second ascent, and so on until his destination is reached."

"All very well," said we, "provided that the machine act as it ought to, and provided also that a trip be made on a perfectly still day; but suppose the wind should blow from an unfavorable quarter, what would he do then?"

"*Tack*, Sir!" promptly responded the enthusiast, with the air of a man who has entirely overwhelmed an opponent in argument.

"But touching steerage-way," we modestly insinuated; "if a boat without sail or oars be drifting in a tidal current, is it possible to alter its direction by the helm?"

"Not at all a parallel case, my dear Sir," observed he. "The velocity attained by the combined forces acting on the Aerion (which the Doctor estimates at about one hundred miles per hour) so far exceeds the rapidity of the wind that our rudder must meet with sufficient resistance to vary our course."

"Still, if a *side* wind—" we began.

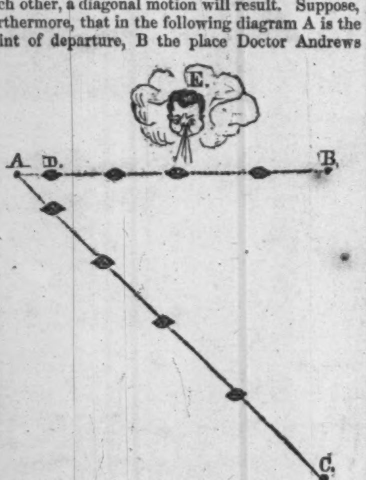
"A *head* wind, Sir," he retorted, "may be blowing at the rate of, we will say, fifty miles per hour; yet if our velocity be taken at one hundred miles per hour, it is a simple mathematical deduction that we will overcome that obstacle, and yet have fifty miles per hour headway."

"But," we interpolated, "we referred more particularly to a *side*—"

"You perceive, therefore," pursued he, unconscious of our interruption, "that your objection founded upon the aerial currents is easily explained away."

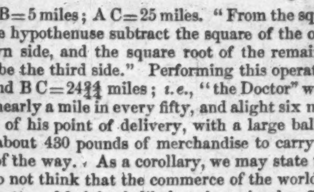
Being, if not convinced, at least silenced, we cast a parting glance upon the gaseous giant, and wended our way toward home, pondering upon birds, balloons, slates, envelopes, and natural philosophy. Our cogitations led us into a maze of suppositions, a few of which we now beg to transfer to the gentle reader.

Suppose, firstly, that there be some foundation in fact for the statement made in treatises on physics, that from two equal forces, acting at right angles to each other, a diagonal motion will result. Suppose, furthermore, that in the following diagram A is the point of departure, B the place Doctor Andrews



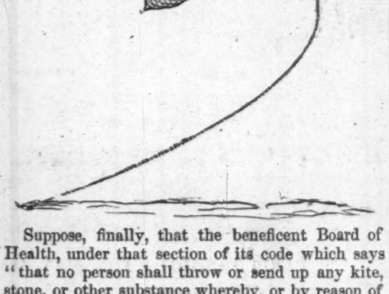
wants to go to, C the place he doesn't want to go to, D the Aerion with an impulse of fifty miles an hour, and E Boreas blowing at the same rate. Will "the Doctor" reach B (at the distance, we will say, of fifty miles) within the hour, or will he travel seventy miles, and after an hour and forty minutes arrive at C? Of course, if the impetus of the balloon be twice that of the wind, he will land midway between B and C, and have to walk twenty-five miles to gain either point.

Suppose that "the Doctor" should undertake to transport a load of merchandise from New York to some place just three hundred miles distant. As the successive elevations and descents of the Aerion are to be accomplished by alternately letting out gas and pitching overboard ballast, a sufficient number of sand-bags must be carried to obviate the necessity of throwing out precious merchandise. Since the freight-bearing capacity of the balloon is (like the liability of petroleum stock-holders) "strictly limited," it is important to reduce the quantity of unremunerative ballast to a minimum. Now allow five miles' advance to each mile of ascent or descent; assume five miles as the greatest altitude of each ascent; grant a perfectly quiescent state of the atmosphere; fix the average weight of ballast ejected for each ascent at twenty pounds; and we have the conditions for our second problem. Twenty-five into three hundred goes twelve times; *ergo*, "the Doctor" must prepare for six ascensions and six "declines and falls;" or, in other words, must take (six times twenty) one hundred and twenty pounds of ballast. This, with the combined weight of himself and two assistants, would leave but little porterage for freight—but let that pass. Geometrically considered, his course consists of a series of right-angled triangles, each of which, under the above conditions, would have the following proportions:



A B=5 miles; A C=25 miles. "From the square of the hypothenuse subtract the square of the other known side, and the square root of the remainder will be the third side." Performing this operation, we find B C=$24\frac{24}{44}$ miles; *i.e.*, "the Doctor" would lose nearly a mile in every fifty, and alight six miles short of his point of delivery, with a large balloon and about 430 pounds of merchandise to carry the rest of the way. As a corollary, we may state that we do not think that the commerce of the world, in the matter of freight, is likely to be seriously affected by the invention of the Aerion.

Suppose that the Aerion, launched with a velocity of a hundred miles per hour against an opposing wind, should develop the tendency sometimes noticed in curved surfaces under like circumstances (*e.g.*, a clam-shell "shied" by a small boy on a windy day), and turn bottom upward, thus, returning after the manner of a boomerang!



Suppose, finally, that the beneficent Board of Health, under that section of its code which says "that no person shall throw or send up any kite, stone, or other substance whereby, or by reason of which, any human life may be put in danger or peril," should interpose its authority between Dr. Andrews and the "end" which might "crown his work."

MY PICKPOCKET.

"THE one great thing you want to guard against, Miss Howard, is pickpockets. They positively swarm on the lines of railroad. Why, every station-house on every road in the land has its sign up, *Beware of Pickpockets*" (Miss Borey with expressive forefinger traced in the air the legend of the sign as if it were visibly on the wall before her), "and *they* know what they are about, those railroad men. Why, there was Miss Newcome, only the other day, had her pocket picked in just coming from Yonkers; and *when* it was done she could not tell to save her; all she knew was that a most genteel and well-appearing man shared her seat with her, who was no doubt the thief. It is always the nicest-looking, meekest, most elegantly-dressed men who are the likeliest to be pickpockets, Miss Howard—always. Oh, they are *so* agreeable! and before you know it your purse is gone, and he is gone too. Why, it is not a week since my friend Mrs. Cadd, of Port Jervis, was robbed of her pocket-book in that long dark tunnel in Jersey City by the nicest-appearing young man you ever saw. He held her little girl on his knee and gave her nuts, and was mighty agreeable; and when they went into that tunnel he picked Mrs. Cadd's pocket of every cent she had, and got off before she suspected him. Why, bless me, Miss Howard!"—with startling energy—"you have to go through that very tunnel, don't you? Well, be careful of your porte-monnaie, that's all; if you don't you may be sorry you didn't heed the words of one who knows. Beware of polite and genteel young men—particularly if they are good-looking; *I* always do; *I* make them keep their distance, I promise you."

This harangue was delivered by Miss Borey one day last June, and that night I dreamed I was robbed and choked and thrown out of the car-window in that dark tunnel, by the handsomest man I ever saw, with great beautiful eyes and the air and manners of a prince.

The bustle of departure next morning did not drive these thoughts quite out of my mind. I had no sooner got across the river and taken my seat in the car than I glanced out the window and saw that staring placard:

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!"

It seemed as if the train would *never* start. I had come over in an early boat, so as to make sure of a good seat, and hence had half an hour and more to wait. Look which way I would, I could not get my attention off that black-lettered placard. My eyes would, in spite of me, wander back to it every other minute, and read it again, until it settled its shadow over me like a nightmare. In desperation I would shut my eyes; but I could not shut out that placard. There it was, and multiplied by tens. I opened a book and essayed to read. In vain; I could not settle my mind on any thing but the nineteen letters that spelled those three words of warning. They began to jumble themselves up in my mind in the most aggravating way, till my head ached with their mad freaks: Beware—beware—pickpockets—pickpockets—pickets—pockets—pockpickets—ware—beware—pickpock—pock—beware—

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!"

And back my eyes would go as if the thing were fascinating me—it a snake and I a bird.

Oh dear, how tired I grew of it!

It was a great relief when, just as the conductor called out "All aboard!" a good-looking young man came up to me with a shawl over his arm, and said, in a respectful tone,

"Will you allow me to occupy this seat, Madam?"

The car was crowded. I removed my traveling bag from the place at my side, and he seated himself by me. He said nothing to me, but took the morning paper from his pocket and read it.

Men say that women jump at conclusions—that their judgment is altogether intuitive, and that they can never give a reason for the belief that is in them. I can give you, respected Sirs, more than one reason for my belief that the man at my side was a pickpocket.

First, although well-dressed, he wore a peculiar pair of black pantaloons with narrow white stripes in them. Second, his hands were white, though they looked nervously muscular, and he wore three gold rings on his fingers. Third, he wore a mustache, and no beard. Fourth, his manners were precisely of that quiet, unobtrusive kind that Mrs. Borey had named.

There! There are *four* reasons which influenced me in my conclusion; and whether wise ones or not, in themselves, they were the basis of my judgment. So it was not intuition.

The train moved slowly away, and presently we plunged into the black darkness of that long and gloomy tunnel. Shall I ever forget it?

All my senses were keenly on the alert. I drew off my gloves to be prepared for action, if I should be called on. I had barely done so when I felt a movement of the hand and arm of my companion.

Instantly I put out my hand; it touched his; he made a motion to draw it away; but I grasped it firmly by the wrist, and with my other hand endeavored to draw my pocket-book from his clutch; but he would not yield it. I felt as strong as a tigress in that exciting moment, and clung with both my hands to his, determined to scream for help if he tried to leave the seat.

Oh, how slowly the train seemed to drag on through that interminable tunnel! Would the light *never* come?

At length the light did come. I turned my eyes on the man with a look that I meant should pierce him to the quick. He returned my gaze with interest.

"Well, Sir!" said I.

"Well, Madam?" he rejoined.

"My pocket-book, if you please, Sir," I uttered, with withering emphasis.

"Your pocket-book?"

"Yes, Sir;" and again I endeavored to draw it from his grasp.

"Gently!" said he; "I believe the pocket-book is my own!"

Why I did not faint I hardly know. For it was, indeed, true; the pocket-book he held in his hand was *not* mine.

I dropped his hand quickly, and as quickly thrust my own into my pocket. I found my porte-monnaie was safe.

"Oh, Sir!" I cried, in unspeakable chagrin; "what can I say to you?"

"No need to say any thing, Madam," said he, in the kind tones of a true gentleman. "I perceive the nature of your mistake. You thought me a pickpocket. It is uncomplimentary," he smiled, "but not inexcusable."

The remainder of the day's ride was a most delightful one. Weeks of ordinary acquaintanceship in society could hardly have placed us on a more confidential footing than did this ridiculous blunder of mine. I was determined to show my companion that I had a trusting faith in his true gentlemanliness, all the more unreserved because of the base suspicion I had entertained; and I did show it.

We chatted all day long. He was going to Avon too; and it seemed he knew Brother Fred quite well in a business way, having met him in Wall Street. He gave me his business card, by which I saw that his name was William Baird. When he surrendered me into mother's hands at Avon, he said, with a droll look,

"Your daughter came near having her pocket picked, Mrs. Howard. Hence our acquaintance."

Then I had to tell the story; and, not to conceal any part of my folly, I did not even omit to mention the *reasons* which had influenced me in believing Mr. Baird to be a pickpocket.

"The rings I wear, Miss Howard," said Mr. Baird, "do look a little flashy, perhaps—"

"Oh no," said I, "three such plain gold rings as those."

"But they are each gifts from valued friends, and worn for their sake, not because I have a taste for such ornaments."

Well, this is the story of my adventure last June, and it was enough to last me a lifetime; for "my pickpocket" (as I often call him) stole my heart, and we are to be married in the fall. I need not explain who is to be my traveling companion next month in the ride to our summer resort.

TO MY DOG DASH.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[Many poets have sung their dogs; and if the poem were an elegy, many a reader has thought it strained and insincere. But the death of no animal touches the heart so closely as that of a dog which has been a domestic friend—not a hunter merely....but a fireside companion, part of the household, a playmate of children, an affectionate and perpetual presence. The kind welcome when you returned....the universal dumb fidelity, never fawning upon a richer master, never whining to enter a finer gate than yours....bearing even chastisement sadly and meekly—this is a friendship....which so often outlasts the human.—*Harper's Magazine for February*, 1866.]

BLESSINGS on old Bishop BUTLER,
Blessings that he leaped the bars
Of this flesh that seem to keep our
Souls for the immortal stars—
Showing by the links of Reason,
That there *is* a mountain clime
Where man's spirit noons forever
Far beyond the hills of Time!

Blessings, also, that his volume
Willingly accords a place,
Made by that All-wise Love-Father,
For the lower animal race—
When this dream of dust is over—
Where its nature, finer still,
May its own delights forever
Seek at its own chartered will!*

If the *moral* gives the immortal,
Why then, Dash, my canine friend,
Should this life of earth, so fleeting,
Be to you, alone, the end?
Have you not embellished Dogdom?
Dogdom with its friendship true—
Truer than some boastful humans
Ever in *their* bosoms knew.

How you have watched o'er the children
(One from death I owe to you;
This alone would give me yearning
That there's a Dog-Heaven too)!
How you always barked glad welcome
To me on return! nor drift
Did I e'er detect that you were
Only looking for some gift.

How when I might roughly chide you
For some act (would that above
Worse of mine was not recorded!)
You would take it all in love,
Sadly, meekly, with side-glances
At me—yearning for my glance
Giving pardon—when it met you,
Oh, how grateful would you dance!

How you always were contented,
Though the morsel poor might be;
Never seeking other master
Richer in his store than me!
How—but I must stop the record
Of your virtues;—and but scan
Them in silence—or you'll think me
Only satirizing *man!*

Come! the woods again are Edened
With the opulent summer time—
Come! we'll scour the vales together,
Or the leafy mountains climb—
Come! and there some fuller symbols
Of my coming life may meet me,
Than before I ever knew,
While, perhaps—for future dogrel—
Some may speak for Dogdom's too.

* See remarkable speculation on this curious subject in BUTLER's celebrated "Analogy."

COMPLAINT ANSWERED.

COMPLAINT is sometimes made by those who visit the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION (19 Cooper Institute) because they have to wait so long before they can be accommodated. Dr. COLTON says he must accommodate patients in the order of arrival, though it is seldom one has to wait more than half an hour. Even this can be avoided by securing an appointment. They extract teeth for about forty patients every day, as many as they can get through with. That the operation is pleasant and painless we can certify from personal experience. Quite an amusing scene occurred at their office the other day. A lady took the chair, inhaled the gas, and had her teeth extracted. On waking she spat out the blood, and in a few minutes was asked to vacate the chair for another patient. After a time she was asked to write her name on the scroll. On doing so, she asked, "*Why, when are you going to take out my teeth?*" The teeth had been out ten minutes.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists.

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AND
719 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

TO FURNITURE DEALERS AND HOTEL KEEPERS.

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There are some truths besides those enumerated in the Declaration of Independence that are self-evident, and though they may pertain to the less vital interests of the human race, they are by no means unimportant. Among them are these: A bed, to fulfil the purposes for which it is desired, must be COMFORTABLE; it must be so constructed as to insure CLEANLINESS; it should, for easy transportation, be made PORTABLE; and, lastly, the common benefit demands that it should be both DURABLE and ECONOMICAL. All of these essential requirements centre in the spring beds invented by Hiram Tucker, and it is confidently affirmed that nothing has yet been devised for man's comfort which is at all comparable to it. A single night's repose on one of them will cure the most inveterate doubter of his skepticism. For sale wholesale by the
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